



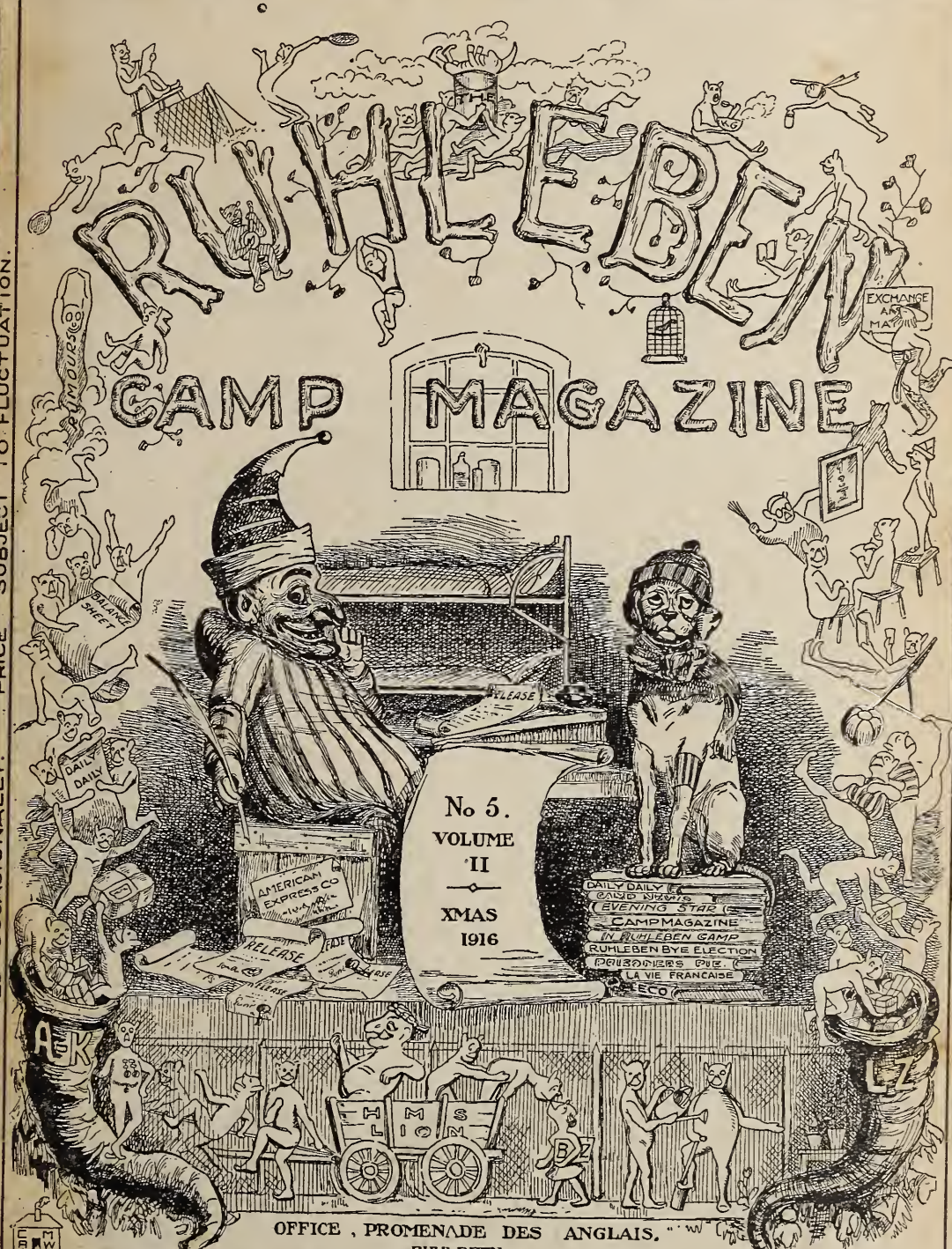




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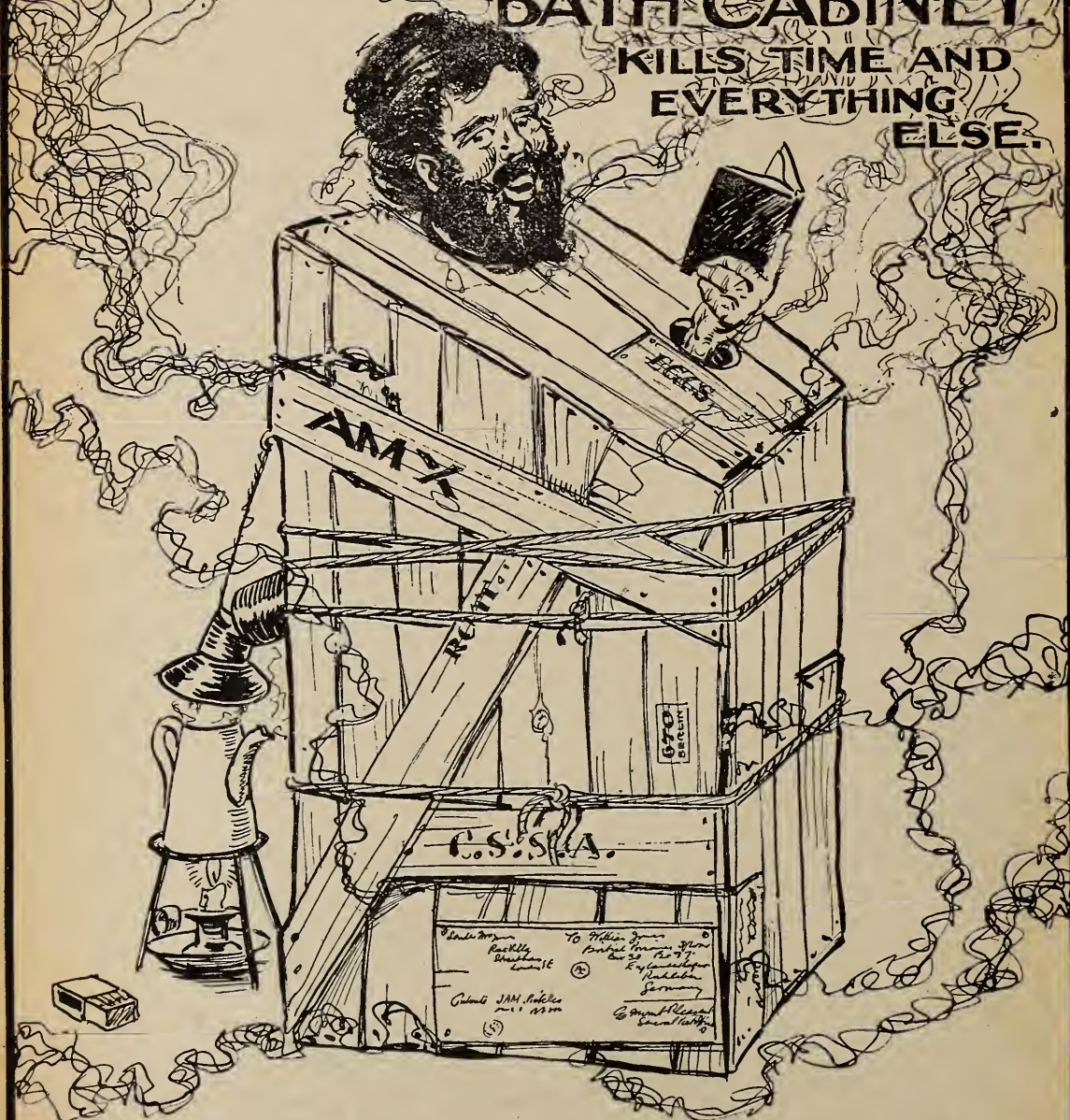
**A & S. U. SAUCE**  
 "NOTHING LIKE IT,"

PRICE 50 PFENNIGS.



# THE A.M.X. BATH CABINET

KILLS TIME AND  
EVERYTHING  
ELSE.



"Why go to the Auswandererbahnhof?"



# THE RUHLEBEN CAMP MAGAZINE

N<sup>o</sup>. 5.

CHRISTMAS.

1916.



O    ❧   ❧   ❧  
EVERYMAN  
We wish  
The  
COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE  
SEASON ❧





THOUGH we may not have a "white Xmas" this year,  
it is to be hoped that we shall not have a Blueleben.

ONE time-honoured Xmas function, at any rate, shows no  
signs of disappearing. The "waits" are still with us.

POPULAR dish for our jeunesse dorée — jugged heir.

THERE are still a few vacant spaces in Ruheleben available  
for pedestrians. Particulars may be obtained from the  
Secretary of the Horticultural Society.

WHERE one man serves too many stand and wait.

"BACK to the land" is Ruheleben's most popular political  
movement. All that it requires to complete its success  
is a little more movement back to the land.

TRAVEL in haste — repent in Lager.

MOTTO for the treasurer of the A. and S. U. — MAORIGOLD.

THE classification of parcels from England has progressed as  
far as the letter D. By the time Z is reached recipients  
may expect to get a square meal.

WE have received "At Home" cards from Messrs. Kaufmann  
and Armstrong.

A chilly but stoveless cubby-holer has written us on the  
subject of his woes. Certainly it is no time for dilli-  
dalli-ing.

LATEST sensation for prisoners of war. The Jamieson Raid  
on parcels.



ONE touch of naturalisation makes the whole world kin.

\*                      \*                      \*

"Last Christmas" — hear  
 The old men say —  
 "We had good cheer,  
 "Last Christmas here; —  
 "And then next year  
 "We'll be away —  
 "Last Christmas here!"  
 The old men say.

---

### ANOTHER YEAR!



THE PIPE-CARVER'S DILEMMA!



### AT HOME

♥ ♥ ♥

Although we welcome Cupid back,  
From Döberitz,  
To tease us with his feathered shafts  
His charming tricks,  
We'd rather see his quiver full,  
And have him help us wind the wool,  
Or pack up sweets and currant buns,  
For all our lonely exiled ones;  
And, laden with a goodly pack,  
We love to send him hasting back,  
To Döberitz.

♥ ♥ ♥

July 1916

Nell Hall  
Sunderland.



A REPLY TO—"NOTHING DOING AT DÖBERITZ"

The postcard here illustrated was sent by Miss. N. Hall, of Sunderland, in reply to the Döberitz card, which was sold here some time back and is familiar to most of us.





THE CHRISTMAS SEARCHLIGHTS.





**D**URING the term which has just come to an end the Nautical department of the Camp School seems to have had a busy time. Shortly before the term began, news came from home that after January 1918, the Board of Trade propose to make some changes in their examinations. With the aid of capable and willing volunteers new classes were formed to meet these changes, and each one who applied was accommodated.

Quite lately a letter has arrived from the Board of Trade saying that a committee has been formed, with Mr. Alfred T. Davies as Chairman. The object of this committee is to supply seamen and fishermen interned abroad, with books that they may need for studying any subjects dealt with in their examinations. A little booklet explaining the aims of the movement has already reached the Camp. Each booklet has attached to it an application form, and all that any navigator (past, present or future) engineer, or fisherman will need to do, is simply to fill in particulars, and say what books he wants, and the books will be sent him free of charge and become his own property. All they ask him to do is to make good use of them, and the list of books is fairly comprehensive. No doubt the offer will be greatly appreciated, and let us hope the system will come into working order with the shortest possible delay.

---

### **"M. E. A."**

Another year has passed, and we are still interned. Sometimes one feels that the word "interred" might (to borrow a phrase from the local talking shop), "be justifiable". Many of the Marine Engineers of the Camp are making good use of their time, and are settled down to some useful work. To the younger members of the profession the chances here are splendid, and should not be neglected. It is rumoured, by the way, that no engineer from Ruhleben may expect to



obtain a berth after the war, unless he has fully mastered the Differential and Integral Calculus. Of course, we know the value of Ruhleben rumours! During the last few months we have had the doubtful pleasure of welcoming several of our Members to Ruhleben, who had been caught on the high seas. However their sojourn with us was very brief. Whilst sorry to lose them, we wish them luck in their new quarters.... Some ironical persons have been unkind enough to say that a refrigerating Engineer-in-charge is hardly the man from whom to expect much warmth! However, we anticipate for him, poor man, many a hot time with his charges. Ere this is published, we hope that the exchange of the forty-fivers will have materialised. We wish them all bon voyage. Our Xmas wish is that we have not to pass another here, and that those who believe in the magical number of three will have a chance to say there is something in superstition; let us hope so.

---

A Correspondent writes:— "As you have repeatedly asked for contributions to the Nautical Notes column, I thought, being an old shell-back, you would accept this letter and grant me space to deal with our present circumstances, in a Mark Tapley manner. As I presume your next number will be a Christmas one, I hope my brother "salts" will extend to me that good fellowship which is supposed to be extended to all men at this time, and if my opinions clash with theirs, I beg to apologise. "Greetings every one".

During our internment here, we seafarers (or to put it more correctly, we prisoners who have a dim and hazy recollection which is getting more hazy every day, that we once upon a time, were seafarers) have heard a lot from shore people about the general drawbacks of a seafaring life; but whether a seaman can sing with the policemen in the "Pirates of Penzance", that a sailor's life is not a happy one, is still a matter of opinion, but at any rate it is a varied one. At a recent meeting of the local talking society, there was a discussion concerning the merits and demerits of life ashore as compared with life afloat. We who go down to the sea in ships have now had two years of life ashore, and as a sample we don't like it, and I think we would vote unanimously for life afloat as being infinitely preferable. Christmas in the past has found some of us in strange places and thrilling situations — thrilling in retrospect, though perhaps dull at the time of experience, — but most of us would feel inclined to snap at any opportunity to change our circumstances for others, where, whatever the end was, it came quickly and definitely.

Now although there is a saying amongst us that a sailor, after "shuffling off this mortal coil", turns into an albatross, fishermen into sea-gulls, and coloured seamen into crows, we have no wish to test the truth of that saying for some time yet; so let us turn to the light side of our circumstances, and see if the two years here have taught us anything. Well, in the first place, two years ago many of us older ones believed we could not possibly live without the sea. We are still growling away. Many of the younger ones who reviewed a Board of Trade exam. with terror, are now, in their own opinion, qualified for Extra Master, and Extra Chiefs. There is a glorious uncertainty about our wages, but we have done ourselves no harm in building castles on the probabilities. Such of us who have spent the time in "walking exercise" will agree we never had so many "nights in" in our life before, and our general health is not bad. We have made the best of circumstances, as we always do.

The salt "tang" has proved its power once more to enable the sons of the sea to rise to the occasion.

A Merry Christmas to all!

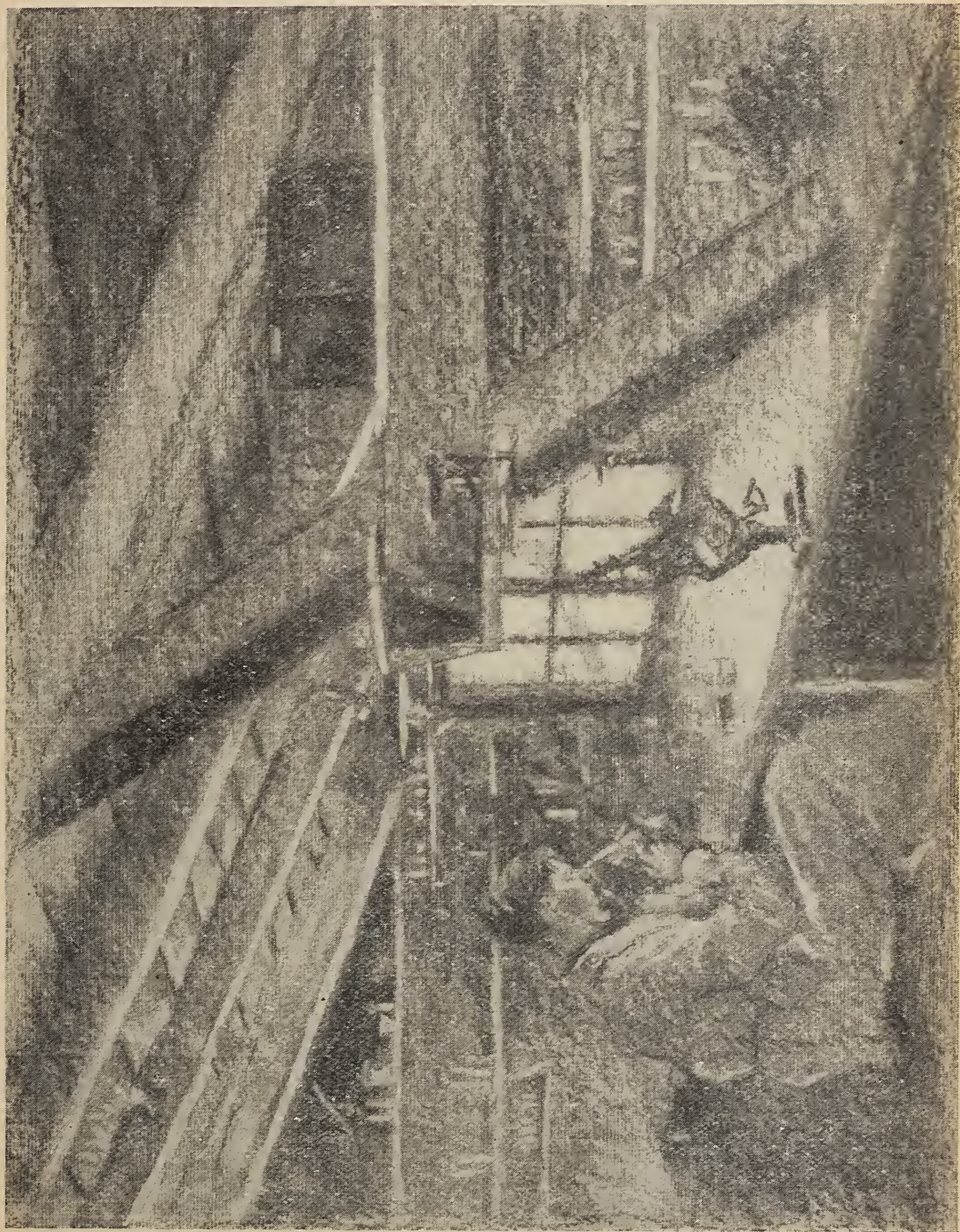
NAUTICUS.



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.



Dr. LECH-  
MERE  
AT WORK



G. TOOBY.



*Produced, with great labour, in a Cubby-hole, and appearing now for the first (and last) time in print.*

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# THE MAKEADO; OR, THE TOWN OF LHAGERPU.

## Dramatis Personae.

THE MAKEADO OF LHAGERPU, M. S. S., N. B., L. B. W., Q. E. D.  
P. T. O., etc.

CRANKI-POO (*in love with someone or other*)

NHO-GHO (*Chief of the Ruhleben Police*)

HOO-RA (*an optimist, bless him*)

HO-HE-TOW  
HIK-HEK-HOK } (*students*)

O'BOTHER (*an Irish bo'sun*)

TUT-TUT  
PHLOT-SAM } (*sailors*)

TANND-STICKA (*a bright spark*)

TUM-TUM (*distant connection of Little Mary*)

DOH-RAY  
MI-FAH } (*two beautiful damsels, unfortunately unable to be present*)

CHORUS OF STIFFS, ROUSTABOUTS, BERLITZ PROFESSORS,  
RUINED ROULETTE PLAYERS, YOUTHS OF THE PERIOD,  
PERSONS OVER 45 YEARS OF AGE, IDLE RICH, DITTO POOR,  
PHILOSOPHERS, ASSORTED LECTURERS,  
AND OTHER VARIETIES OF CAMP LIFE.

TIME.— THE IMPERFECT PRESENT.

*Public performances permitted but not recommended. — Lyrics may be used (at singer's risk) at penny readings, bun-worries, on wet Sundays, and on all occasions when nothing better offers.*

*Encores allowed but not expected.*

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NOTE BY EDITOR.-- In order to obviate any possibility of a misunderstanding, we are requested to state that none of the characters in the 'Mikado' burlesque appearing in this number has any connection whatever with anybody in the Camp. The characters are entirely imaginary.

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THE MAKEADO;  
or,  
THE TOWN OF LHAGERPU.

ACT 1.

SCENE:— Trafalgar Square, about 450 miles from Charing Cross. English prisoners standing in attitudes suggestive of doing nothing.

CHORUS.

If you want to know who we are,  
We're Englishmen everyone,  
Assembled from ever so far,  
From everywhere under the sun.  
We live in severe restraint,  
We're Britishers queer and quaint,  
You're wrong if you think we ain't!

We live on the parcels and things  
That everyone of us gets,  
And food that would captivate kings,  
Our delicate appetite whets.  
And if you imagine this throng  
Can't keep it up all day long,  
We beg to assure you you're wrong!

MAK. Gentlemen, at last I have some news — real news — to give you! (terrific sensation). A stranger has arrived in our midst! (signs to CRANK.) Advance, young man, and explain your presence here.

CRANK. With pleasure!

RECIT.—CRANKI-POO.

Sullivan's entrancing music,  
Gilbert's charming lyric art  
I have come, dear friends, to give you, —  
Authorised by D'Oyly Carte!

MAK. That's good my boy. Shake! (shakes).

NHO. You have not come to give lectures then?

CRANK. Certainly not!

ALL (loud cheers).

MAK. In that case I bid you welcome. I hope you will consider yourself one of us. —

CRANK. Which one?

MAK. And make yourself quite at home.

CRANK. It's really awfully good and kind of you, but alas! I shall never know what it is to be happy again! (sighs). I am a most unfortunate man!

TUT. You ain't the only one!

MAK. Dear, dear, I am sorry to hear that. What is your trouble?

CRANK (tragically). I am in love!

ALL. Hurrah!

NHO. Then you have come to the wrong place, young man. In Lhagerpu, I am thankful to say, there are no women whatever. We — er — don't admit them!

ALL (very faintly). Of course not!

CRANK (clasping his hands). Is that true, gentlemen?

ALL. It is!

CRANK. Then how on earth do you get on?

TUT. We don't get on; we stop here!

ALL (still more faintly). Ha-ha!

NHO. But so long as you don't break the rules you will be all right.

CRANK. And what are the rules?

NHO (who has not the slightest idea). Ah, that's my business! But I warn you, our Camp police force is remarkably efficient!

TUT. It's remarkable, anyhow.

CRANK (surveying NHO with some surprise). Excuse me, but are you a policeman?

NHO. I am, young man, and though I say it myself, I am a credit to the force!

SONG.—NHO-GHO.

A Camp policeman I,  
My many skilful catches  
Of Lagerites in batches,  
Undoubtedly testify;  
All those intending wrong  
By me are apprehended,  
Their dark careers are ended,  
They cannot escape me long.

Are you in penitential mood?  
I'll sigh with you,  
And share your sorrow;  
But if on some dark deed you brood,  
Defer it, pray, until to-morrow!  
Reflect upon your course,  
Ere retributive force  
Adds penance and remorse  
To sorrow, sorrow!

(the very moderate applause having subsided R and L). And now I must be going, or I shall be late for my morning rubber. (exit in direction of Bond Street).

HOO. He always sings that little ditty to newcomers; it cheers them up.

TUT. But he's not as terrible as he looks.

CRANK. I am glad to hear that.

MAK. We think a lot of our police here.

TUT. I *don't* think! (loud and derisive laughter).

CRANK. And how do you spend your time here? It must be very dull.

MAK. By no means. At seven we turn out for the Line Up — a most diverting little ceremony; after which we separate for breakfast — or bed, as the case may be. Those of us who are still sleepy finish their slumbers in the dormitory — Barrack 6, top floor. Then we have a variety of old English games, such as baseball, lacrosse and pelota. The infirm play golf; the young and athletic look on at football matches and shout "off side!" at frequent intervals.

CRANK. Just the same as in England, what?

MAK. Precisely. Midday brings dinner, — assorted delicacies



fresh from the tin, and underdone home-made tart, washed down with lemonade.

CRANK. Why underdone tart?

MAK. Ask the cook-house people. I suppose they know. To resume; in the afternoon we recuperate; when convalescence is fully established we go on the field and play at dodging golf balls; after which comes supper, followed by bed at nine.

CRANK. It must be an ideal life.

TUT. It isn't real life anyhow.

CRANK. And do you all get on well together?

MAK. Ahem! as a rule — yes; that is to say, so-so. Of course, you know, in an assembly of this magnitude, there are a few persons whose presence is at times, shall I say a wee bit annoying? But — que voulez vous? Which reminds me that I have a little ballad which bears upon the point and will make my meaning plainer. (to conductor of orchestra) Let her rip! (conductor lets her rip, with following result).

#### SONG.—MAKEADO.

As some day it may happen that a captive must be found,  
I've got a little list — I've got a little list  
Of some internèd persons who might well be homeward bound,  
And who never would be missed — who never would be missed.  
There's the early rising maniac who gets up in the dark  
And who thinks that shouting "Firebell!" is a pleasant kind  
of lark;  
All persons who are pessimists and preach eternal woe;  
And the man who never fails to say, "Of course, I told you so!"  
And all irritating persons who on kicking balls insist, —  
They'd none of 'em be missed, — they'd none of 'em be missed.

#### CHORUS.

He's got 'em on the list — he's got 'em on the list,  
And they'd none of 'em be missed — they'd none of 'em be missed.

There's the swollen-headed mummer, he's an aggravated case,  
And the rag-time soloist — I've got him on the list;  
And the person who, when lining up, secures the foremost place,  
They never would be missed — they never would be missed!  
There's the idiot who in your bed conceals the Barrack cat;  
And the man who gives you nightmare with the latest Abend Blatt,  
There's the canteen man who tells you that the things you want  
are "out",  
And that all life's little comforts you will have to do without;  
There are many other persons who might well be on the list  
Of the nuisances in Lager life who never would be missed, —  
I've got them on the List — they never would be missed!

(During the progress of Mak's song a number of prominent but unpopular persons have left the stage; those who remain applaud without enthusiasm).

MAK (briskly). And now, Mr. Poo, the best thing I can do is to introduce you — forgive these rhymes, they are quite unintentional — to some of our most important personages. (a number of people press forward; Mak. makes a selection and presents them to Crank.) "The Secretary of the Ruhleben Society for the Encouragement of Foreign Travel" (Crank and the Secretary bow); "The Chairman of the Ruhleben Tautological Circle,"

— "The President of the Society of Ruhlleben Platitudinarians",  
 — "The Chief Warden of the Hibernators" — (and so on: the presentation of notabilities, of whom there are a vast number, is proceeding when Crank, who has suddenly caught sight of Tum-Tum utters a loud cry).

MAK. What on earth is the matter?

CRANK (gazing at Tum, who is engaged in conversation with two chorus youths). 'Tis she! The vision of my dream!

TUT. "Vision?" Rats! That's one of them theatre guys!

TUM (advancing, in great indignation). How dare you use this language! (sobs, shrieks, and shows signs of having an attack of stage hysterics).

MAK. Avaunt, churl!

TUT. Right-o! (avaunts to wine shop).

CRANK. Are you really my own loved one, or am I the victim of some dreadful trick of the imagination? (general and loud laughter) Speak!

TUM. You silly man! oh, you silly, silly man! I'm not a girl (giggles).

CRANK. Then what in the name of all that is wonderful *are* you?

TUM (aside). My cue at last! (to Crank) Listen! (Orchestra, knowing what is coming, strikes up without further resistance).

#### SONG.—TUM-TUM.

Since warlike days  
 Require in plays  
 A girl impersonator;  
 Of female parts  
 With girlish arts,  
 I am the imitator:  
 And though a man  
 With limbs that tan  
 Has rendered coarse and ruddy,  
 Of Jessie Bond  
 — That charming blonde —  
 I am the understudy!  
 On female beauty fair  
 The public doat,  
 And that is why I wear  
 A petticoat!

My likeness to  
 The sex we woo  
 Is certainly surprising;  
 But I am faint, —  
 Beneath this paint,  
 The pangs are agonizing!  
 This scanty stuff  
 Is not enough  
 (So many inches lacking);  
 I'm out of breath,  
 I'm squeezed to death  
 I feel my inside cracking!  
 Although a maiden coy  
 I must confess,  
 The thing I most enjoy  
 Is to undress!



LINE UP



(At conclusion of song TUM ogles Crank in { his best stage manner, to a running accompaniment of compliments and offers of scent, cigarettes, etc.)

TUM. I am in rather good form to-day.

CRANK. But think of the blow to me! I am broken hearted! I thought for the moment you were she. (looking closely at TUM). But on second thoughts she is not in the least like you! (shudders)

TUM. I dare say not; our styles are a bit different, what?

CRANK. Chalk and cheese are twins in comparison (shudders again).

TUM. If you like we can walk about together and read one another's letters, and talk rot, and all that sort of thing. (CRANK shakes his head). Oh, very well, it's your loss, I'm sure.

NHO (who has entered unobserved). I am afraid, young man, you are not accustomed to Ruhleben society yet; but I warn you it is no use being exclusive here. In Concentration Camps, remember, extremes meet. For instance, I know a donkey-man who shares his tinned salmon with a minor poet... Yes, we're all very good friends here; except those men who happen to occupy the same box. They are never on speaking terms!

CRANK. This is terrible!

MAK. Not a bit, my boy! You'll soon shake down like the rest of us.

TRIO.—MAK. NHO. and HOO.

You had best forget  
Rules of etiquette;  
Vain indeed are manners  
formal,  
Circumstances so abnormal  
Make us all forget  
Rules of etiquette!

Here's a how-de-do!  
Fancy meeting you!  
In a Camp of Concentration  
Men of every rank and  
station  
Burst upon the view —  
Fancy meeting you!

Here are grave and gay,  
In this vast array,  
Composite and variegated,  
Everyone of us is fated  
To await the day,  
When we go away!



LANCASHIRE!

MAK. There now; what do you think of that, my boy?

CRANK. Top hole! I feel myself one of you already.

MAK. }  
 NHO. } (together). { Good!  
 HOO. } { Just the thing!  
 { Bravo!

CRANK. So much so, that I am sure you won't mind my asking you a small favour?

MAK (somewhat uneasily). Within reason, yes.

NHO. }  
 HOO. } (together) { Within reason, yes.

CRANK. Can you oblige me with ten marks? Merely as a loan, of course. (MAK. NHO and HOO. hurriedly confer).

MAK. My friends here are of the opinion that yours is a case for the Relief Committee.

NHO. You will find them such kind gentlemen.

HOO. And they will consider your case on its merits.

NHO. If there are any!

MAK. But I warn you that anything you may say will be taken down and used as evidence against you!

CRANK. I am much obliged to you for your advice. But in the meantime tell me, how would you recommend me to occupy my mind here?

MAK. What an extraordinary question!

NHO. Your mind! Don't worry about that, my dear young friend.

HOO. Just stop here long enough and you won't have any!

CRANK. But what am I to do?

MAK. You might become a Barrack Captain.

CRANK. No, no; it's mental exercise I want.

NHO. Hum! that's awkward.... Well, there's always the news, you know.

CRANK. I thought that you didn't get any news here.

NHO. Strictly speaking, that is so. If you refer to news, in the ordinary sense of the word, — cables, telegrams, foreign reports, railway accidents, "society" weddings, fires, swagger murders, divorce cases, interviews with actors, and all that sort of thing, why I must confess there is a dearth.

HOO. But what does that matter?

NHO. Not the least bit!

MAK. WE don't want news! (to crowd). Do we?

ALL. Certainly not!

CRANK. This is very peculiar!

MAK. The fact is we have discovered a most excellent substitute for news.

CRANK. And what is that?

ALL. RUMOURS!

CRANK. I am afraid I don't quite follow.

NHO. Of course you don't; but with the assistance of my friend here (indicating HOO). I will explain matters.

HOO. With pleasure! The Chief of Police and I take opposite views on the subject, but it makes a charming little duet all the same.



## DUET.—NHO and HOO.

HOO. The rumours I hear in the spring, Tra-la!  
 Inspire me with rapture and glee;  
 I merrily dance and I sing, Tra-la!  
 Such vast consolation they bring, Tra-la!  
 I almost imagine I'm free!  
 Ah dismal foreboding far from me I fling,  
 Induced by the rumours that bloom in the spring.  
 Tra-la-la-la-la-la, etc.

NHO. The rumours that bloom in the spring, Tra-la!  
 Appear to me very inane;  
 In spite of the hope that they bring, Tra-la!  
 I've heard them again and again, Tra-la!  
 Until I am nearly insane!  
 And that's what I mean when I say that a thing  
 Is lacking in truth, like the rumours of spring;  
 A fig for all rumours, they're nothing but stumers,  
 That always appear in the spring!  
 Tra-la-la-la-la-la, etc.

NHO. Not bad, eh?

CRANK. I like the song well enough, but your part of it is somewhat depressing. Couldn't you alter the words a little?

NHO. Certainly not! I make a practice of depressing all foolishly cheerful persons whenever I get an opportunity. I regard it as a duty.

TUT. Then the sooner you go off duty the better!

MAK. My sentiments entirely! (exit NHO. indignantly).

TUM (approaching Crank). I think you said you were in love? It must be awfully interesting. Do tell me all about it.

CRANK. Not for worlds; the subject is a sacred one.

TUM. Pooh! nothing is sacred here. We all know one another too well for that.

CRANK. Imagine the most beautiful female you have ever seen on a packet of cigarettes, multiply that by ten, throw in Venus and Cleopatra, and you will have a faint, very faint idea of my fiancée's charms.

TUM. That's nothing! Wait till you have seen me as Juliet!

CRANK. Thank you, I would sooner be excused. But, seriously, I am very much afraid that if I am kept here much longer I shall pine away and die.

HOO. What a confounded nuisance!

TUM. Poor thing! What a romantic death!

TUT. Rats!

CRANK. Are you not aware of the fact that people have been known to die of disappointed hope?

TUM. Rather! There was a case here, a little time ago; a very sad business. Would you like to hear about it?

CRANK (getting handkerchief ready). I should love to!

## SONG.—TUM-TUM.

By the door of the cook-house I heard a young man  
 Sing "Water, hot water, hot water!"  
 As he stood in the queue with a new billy-can,  
 Singing "Water, hot water, hot water!"  
 In the biting cold wind, and the drizzle that fell,  
 He had waited his turn since the early appel,  
 At the door of the place where I'm told that they sell  
 "Hot water, hot water, hot water!"

Intent on refreshment he stood in that queue,  
 Crying "Water, hot water, hot water!"  
 For tea is a herb that you first have to brew  
 In "Water, hot water, hot water!"  
 A fact so well known I need not dwell upon,  
 To the savoury herb that is grown in Ceylon,  
 You must first of all add, as a sine quâ non,  
 "Hot water, hot water, hot water!"

Now that young man is dead, we shall hear him no more  
 Crying "Water, hot water, hot water!"  
 His death so untimely I deeply deplore;—  
 "Hot water, hot water, hot water!"  
 In the spring time of life he was taken away,  
 And his youth, while in flower, fell into decay,  
 But the last words on earth that his friends heard him say  
 Were "Water, hot water, hot water!"

CRANK (wringing handkerchief). Thank you so much. That is one of the jolliest songs I have ever heard... But I still feel depressed somehow; are there no amusements here? Pierrots, or anything of that kind?

MAK (seizing the opportunity). Amusements? I believe you! Life here is a constant round of intoxicating revelry and joy!

ALL. "There was a cow!" etc.

CRANK. What on earth do they mean?

MAK. Don't take any notice of them; it's only their nonsense. Listen to me.



CLUBLAND,



CRANK (seeing no hope for it). Another song? Very well then!

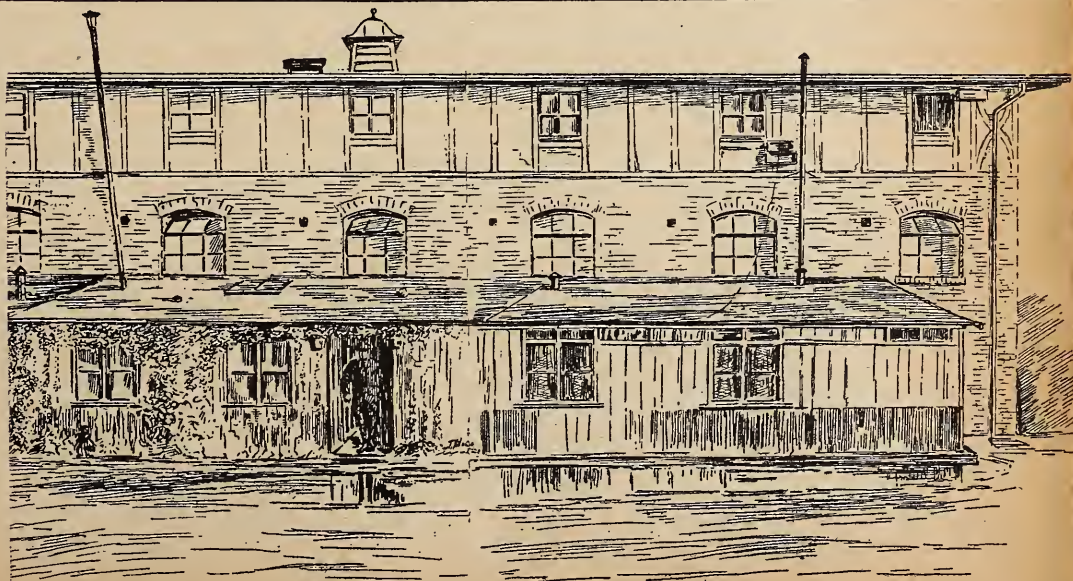
SONG.—NHO.

There is heaps of entertainment in the Camp,  
You can laugh until you're weary if you choose;  
If you're feeling melancholic  
Come and join in some mad frolic  
That is guaranteed to drive away the blues;  
Come and join us in our revels,  
And you'll chase away the devils  
That attack a man when he is in the 'blues'.

If that is so,  
Its evident very  
Expedients merry  
Should now be tried;  
Away we'll go  
With derry down derry  
The problem is very  
Much simplified!

In the Cinema diversion you will find,  
Though it seldom is amusing, I admit;  
We've a treasure journalistic  
In the "Daily Daily" mystic,  
That will exercise your analytic wit.  
And if politics depress you  
You can try the A. and S.U.—  
And that always is amusing, you'll admit!  
If that is so, etc.

If mental acquisition is your aim,  
The opportunities are quite immense,  
In the stately Y.M.C.A.  
There's reported now to be a  
Vast emporium of books of reference;  
You have only got to choose 'em  
And with energy peruse 'em,  
And you'll gain a fund of knowledge quite immense!  
If that is so, etc.



RUHLEBEN.

If you're feeling heavy-hearted, try a course  
Of foreign languages, and you will find,  
When you've learned to say "By Jingo!"  
In the Scandinavian lingo,  
That it has a gay effect upon the mind;  
While the cheerfulness ensuing  
On a course of *parlez-vous-ing*.  
Is a never failing pleasure, you will find!  
If that is so, etc.

CRANK. Well, really, I must say it seems a fairly comprehensive programme. I had no idea there was so much to do here.

MAK. I expect you thought that prisoners spend their time gazing through barbed wire, or taming spiders, or carving ships out of bones, or scratching the multiplication table on a threepenny bit; and all that sort of thing, eh?

CRANK. I must admit I —

NHO. My dear sir, that has all been done away with; it only exists in the pages of popular magazines. We are much more up to date.

CRANK. But are you always as gay and cheerful as you seem to be now? (everybody looks at everybody else: there is a long silence).

MAK. Well, no; we have our dark moments, of course; but we don't allow ourselves to be depressed.

HOO. We don't allow it!

### "PATIENCE."



*Disgusted player.* — "I've been at it for two solid hours and haven't got out yet!"

*Friend.* — "That's nothing! I've been trying for two years!"



ALL. And we never will!

HOO. Never! (the prisoners all shake hands, clap one another on the back, exchange cigarettes, and are becoming wildly hilarious, when the rapid pealing of a bell is heard).

ALL (as though this had never happened before). Fire bell! Line up! Fire bell! Line up! (ad lib.)

MAK. Before we separate, gentlemen, we will sing our last chorus, (to conductor of orchestra). It's really the very last time! (orchestra strikes up)

### FINALE.

NHO. We must shut up the show for the day,

ALL. Hooray!

NHO. They're ringing the bell and  
There'll be an appel and  
You'll all of you have to line up,

ALL. Line up!

TUT. So hurry, or you will be late.  
The evening appel is at eight.

ALL. At eight!

MAK. This jollification  
And representation  
Of Japanese manners so gay,

ALL. So gay!

MAK. Is a treat that must come to an end.

HO and NHO. We're prisoners, of course, like you  
Interned here in Lhagerpu;  
But one bright thought keeps us alive,  
Some day we'll all be forty-five!

ALL. This argument  
Of song and dance,  
With your consent  
We now advance;  
Although, of course, we're all like you,  
Inhabitants of Lhagerpu!

### CURTAIN.

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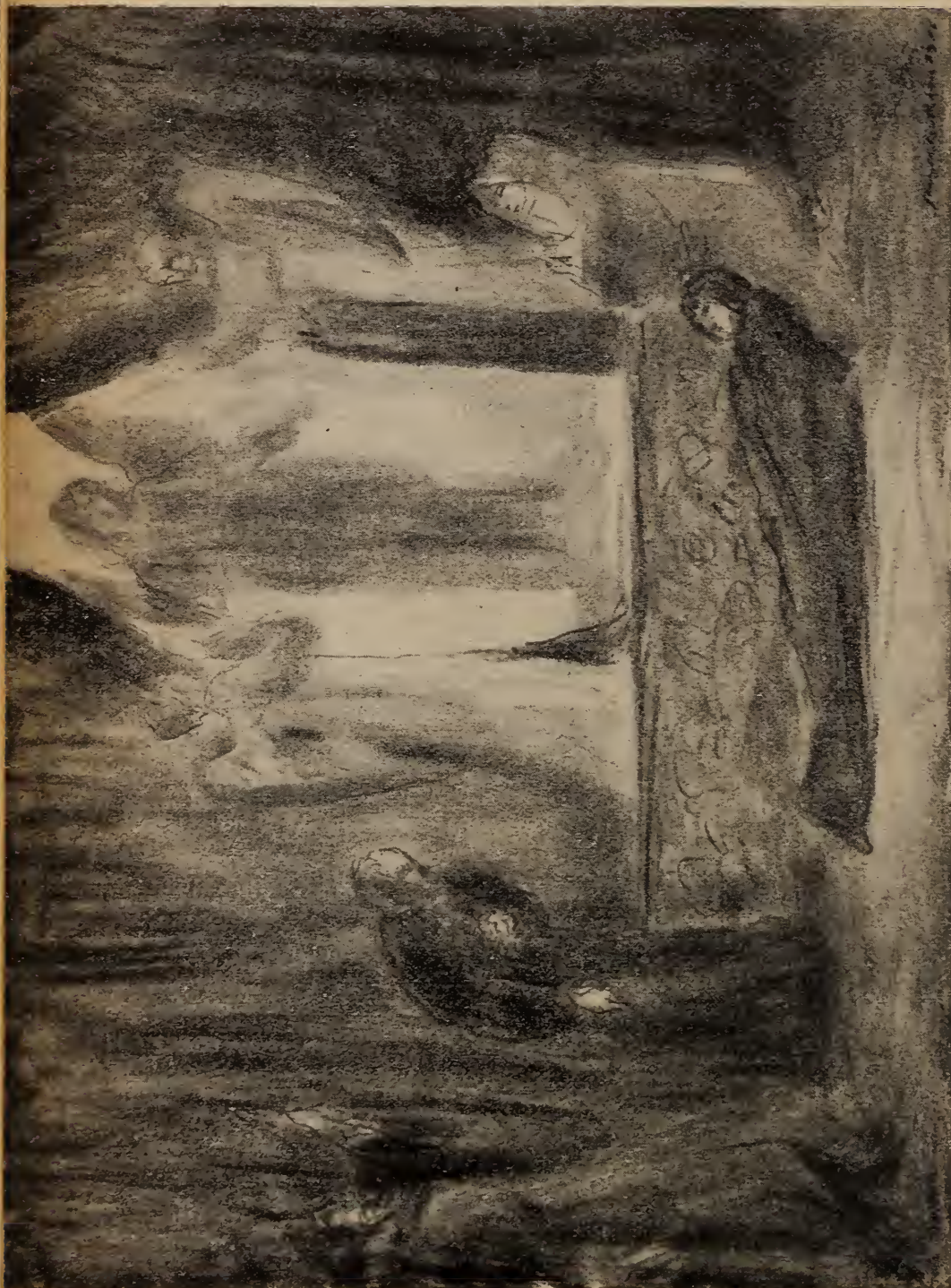
### WHAT OUR ADVERTISERS SAY:—

*"The one insertion had such extraordinary results that I shall not need another."*

*"Am retiring from business, in consequence of your advertisement."*

*"I have something urgent to tell you! What is the best time to find you in?" — Many others!*

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**'EVERYMAN'****C. F. W.**



## "EVERYMAN".

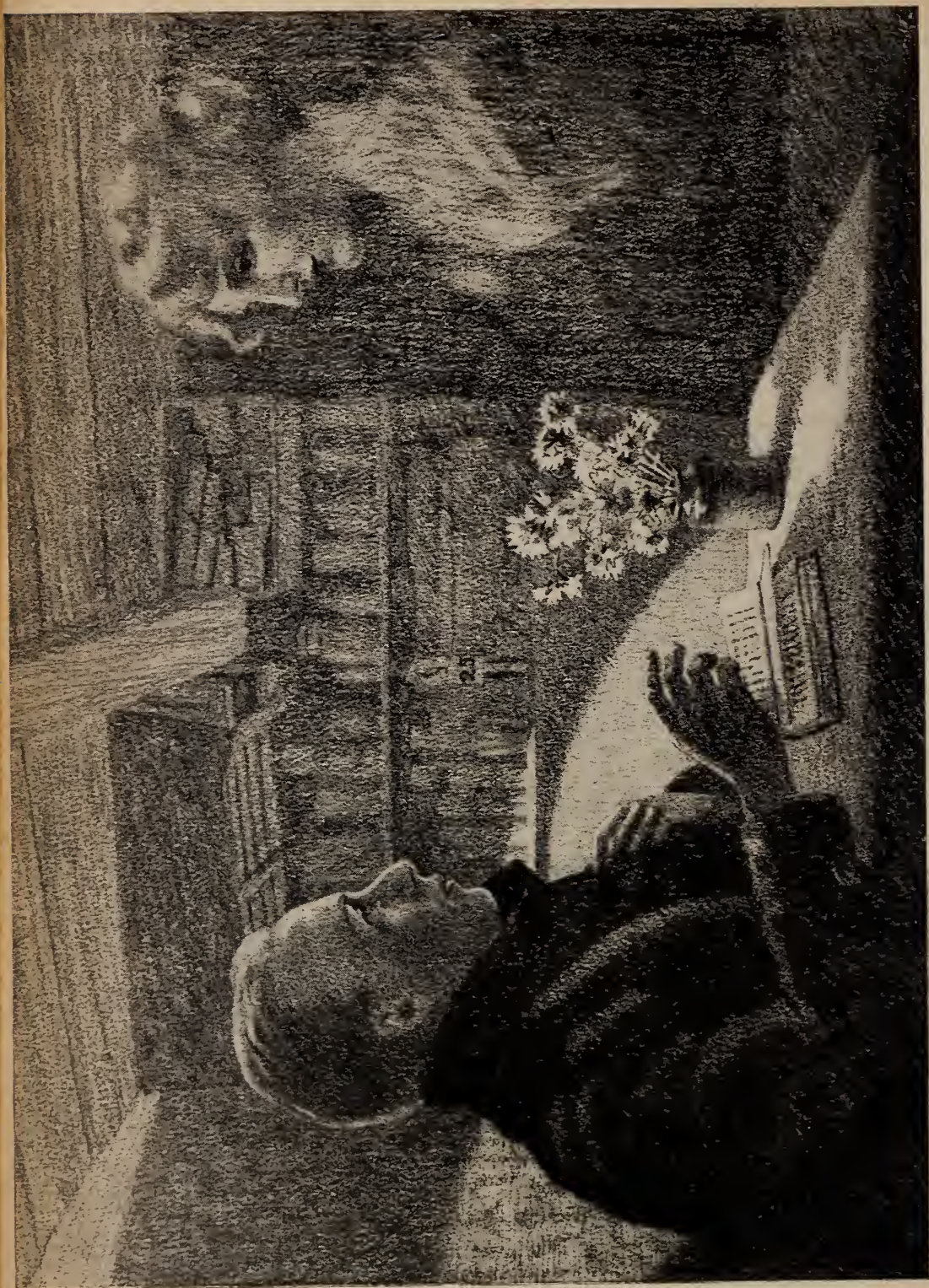
THOSE concerned with the recent production of "Everyman" in the Y. M. C. A. Hall desire to express their warm appreciation of the generous action of Mr. Ernest B. Florence, Master of the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers of the City of London. At the request of a Freeman of the Company, on behalf of Ruhleben, for means to support the presentation of the play here, and in other Prisoners' Camps, Mr. Florence provided at once the amount suggested. This ready gift, resulting in united activity for us, serves also to recall the conditions under which Morality Plays were originally presented in England, when Town Guilds supported and took part in their performance at special seasons of the Church's Year.

### A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

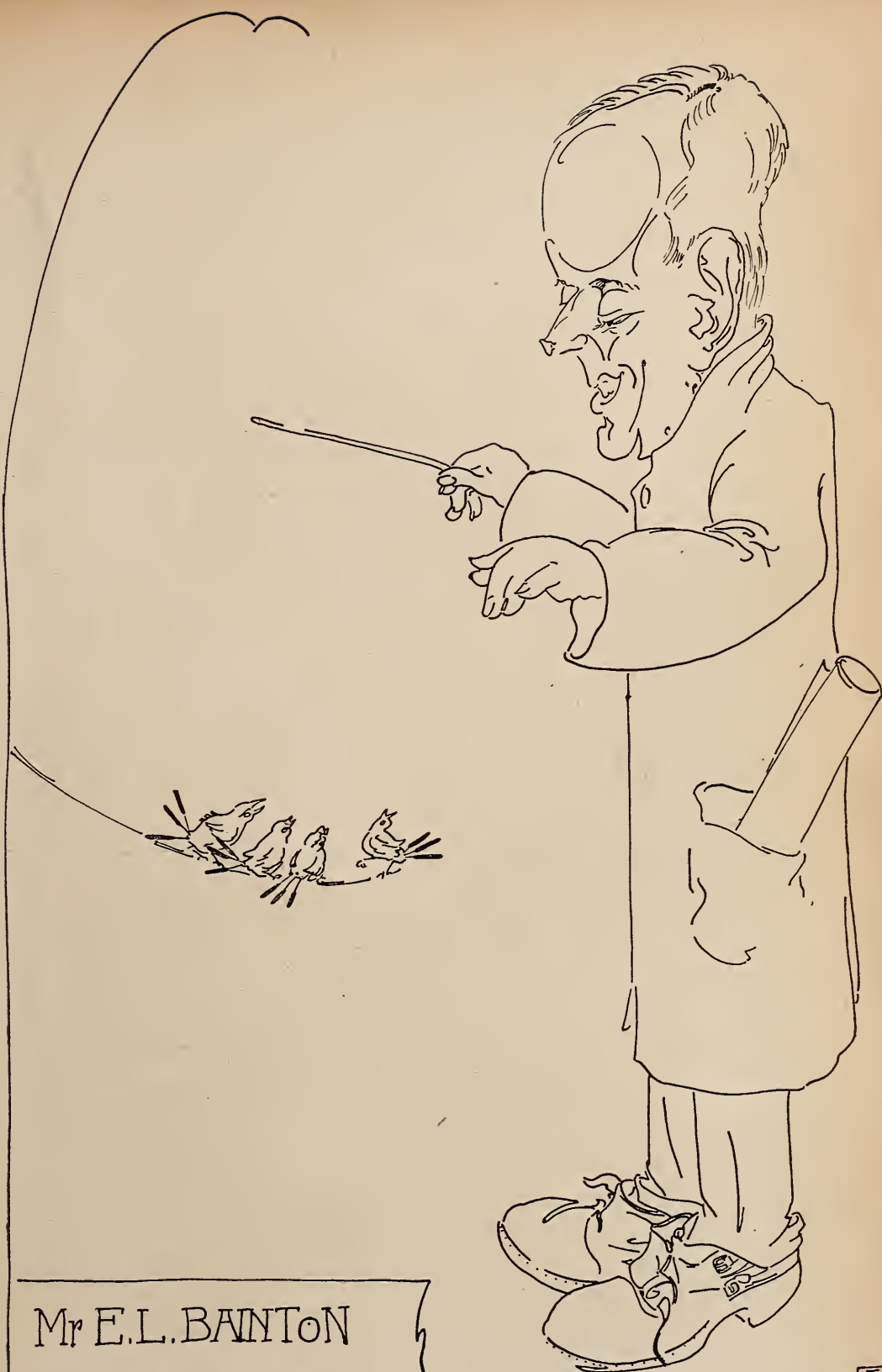


WHOSE TURN TO FETCH HOT WATER?









Mr E.L. BANTON

conducts the Madngal Caw-rus.

J.B.  
Fuhlebm  
1916



A. Healey H. 1916

ROLLED OATS, ETC.

*Coh*

**PORRIDGE**  
ONE TICKET ONE PORTION

PLAIN OATMEAL

*Coh*



## ONE OF OUR 'FORTY-FIVERS'.



CAPTAIN CHARLES BROWNE. BAR. 8.





THE LATEST ARRIVAL IN RUHLEBEN.





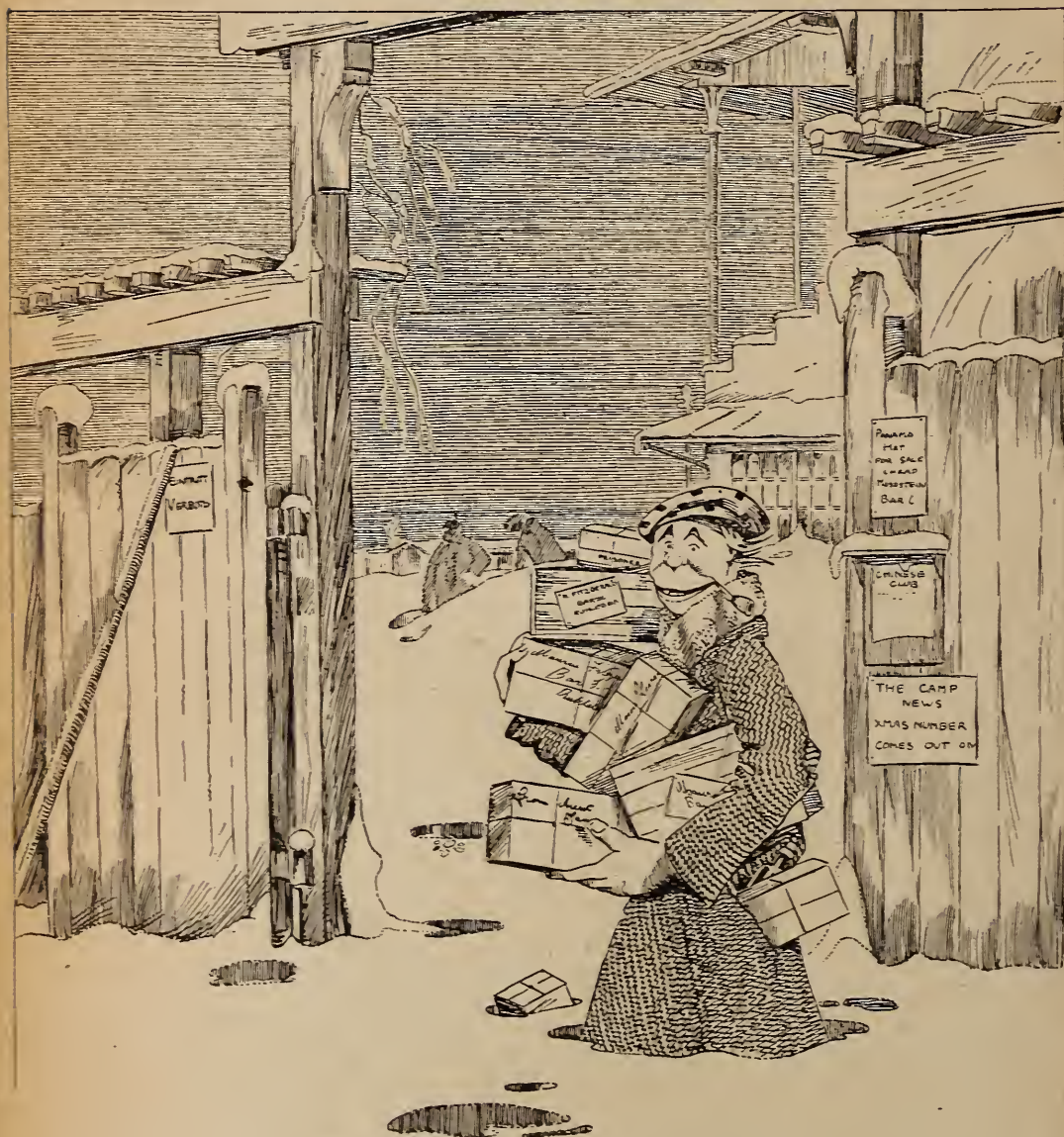
*(By our Special Commissioner.)*

AT this festive season of the year the Bond Street shops are veritable treasure houses of splendour, thronged by eager crowds of excited and clamorous patrons, whose demands tax the energies of the ever attentive and courteous assistants. Mr. Mudie-Mussett's book shop is, as always, the Mecca of book lovers, and his stock of rare and curious books is varied to suit the tastes of all. The votary of Pitman will find here a selection of works of absorbing interest; while the student of Double Entry and Commercial Spanish has but to choose from the enormous collection of dainty brochures which deal with these absorbing topics. Particularly charming gift books are "Glue for Beginners", "The Concrete Lover's Companion", and "The Plasterer's Annual". These and other volumes of a similar character will, without doubt, keep their lucky possessors from the bridge and draughts table for a long time to come.

We cannot deal fully, in the small space at our disposal, with the countless attractions of the Inanout Store, — Ruhleben's leviathan emporium of luxury, and rendezvous of wealth. Suffice it to say that every imaginable want of the Lager's most exacting patrons is here anticipated. Dish cloths, brown paper, boot protectors, blacking brushes, lead pencils, tin-openers, drawing pins, and hob nails — nothing has been forgotten which can render Yule Tide a season of old-world conviviality and happiness. Our readers must visit this palatial store (worthy of a Whiteley or Super-Harrod), and judge for themselves.

Fastidious purchasers whose shoe cupboards require attention must not fail to look in at the Bond Street Booteries, where the walker's requirements are amply catered for. The stock of clogs which bewilders the eye is a revelation in practical yet dainty footwear; while the laces and polish (both brown and black) have a distinctive note which is all their own.

For the thirsty Xmas shopper a cosy Lounge has been fitted up where refreshments for the inner man may be obtained in the most comfortable surroundings. The choicest products of the celebrated firm of Eyre Sats may here be enjoyed, and the doings of the day discussed over a social potass or soda.



FWADE.

PARCELS!!



# The - - Xmas - Pudding :

The Xmas Card Version



and the Ruhlleben one



# A YULE-TIDE STORY.

[ T was snowing hard, as hard as it only can snow in an Xmas story.

Alone in the tragic silence of the deserted Camp, a dim figure lay motionless at the foot of the Loft stairs, clutching to its bosom a something soft and warm, swathed in a ragged covering. Only now and again a spasmodic quiver went through the outstretched form.

Ah, me! how cold it was!

Suddenly the loft door opened, and the brilliant glare of the one candlepower lamp sent a ray of light through the Stygian darkness of the dimly lit compound, which changed into a ray of hope as it found its way to the poor wretch's heart; (at least, I think it did).

"It's snowing", said a voice, and the door closed.

The bottom step had disappeared beneath the soft deposit of glistening polygonal crystals, the refracted rays from the different facets of which (trade journals in need of Xmas colouring, please copy) scintillated like the humour of a well known Camp comedian.

The figure, now up to the waist in cool, clear snow, sent up to the heavens and the people in the Loft a hoarse, pulsating moan, sad as a steamer's syren.

Again the Loft door opened; three dark forms were silhouetted against a crowd of eager faces.

"Did you hear anything?" asked the first.

"I heard the owl's thream and the crickets cry", said the second, obviously an English literature student, that is, of course, a student of English literature.

The third form clutched the others by the arm. "Look!" he hissed, and in his emotion his slim fingers pierced their flesh to the very bone. "Look!" And still holding them fast, he pointed to the fallen figure, now almost hidden in the snow.

There was a short sharp scuffle, a scene of indescribable confusion, and the three were in the snow at the side of the motionless figure.

For a moment there was silence as they picked themselves up and arranged their partings, glaring at each other the while. Then the first, having corduroy trousers on, knelt down in the snow.

"What is the matter?" he asked tenderly.

"What is it? Has you lost anything?" lisped the second.

The third started back. "Look!" he cried once more. "Look!" It was evidently a favourite expression of his. All



three watched in dismay as the form moved, exposing to their eyes the features of their old lost friend, from whom they had had no word since he had left them how many, many weary hours ago to fetch the pudding. And now he had returned; but how?

Eagerly they questioned him as to where he had been, as they tore that ragged bundle from his grip.

"It's Bill's fault!" he gasped. "Wait till I — — —!"

"Bill!" they queried aghast, interrupting his threats of vengeance.

"Yes", came the vicious hissing retort. "He made that d.....readful pudding so heavy, I slipped trying to carry it upstairs, and sprained my ankle. Wait till I — — —!"

But the remainder of the sentence was lost in the soft patter of the snow.

T. G.

*A Reminiscence of last Xmas.*



*"How dy'e like, How dy'e like, me for a Xmas Bot?"*



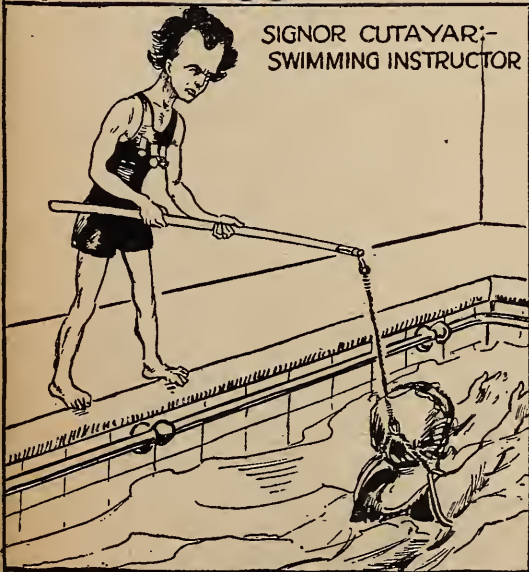
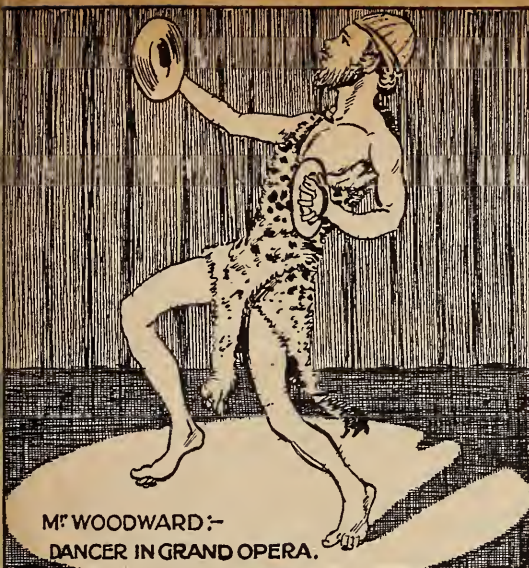
30

"A CHRIST-  
MAS  
TOAST".



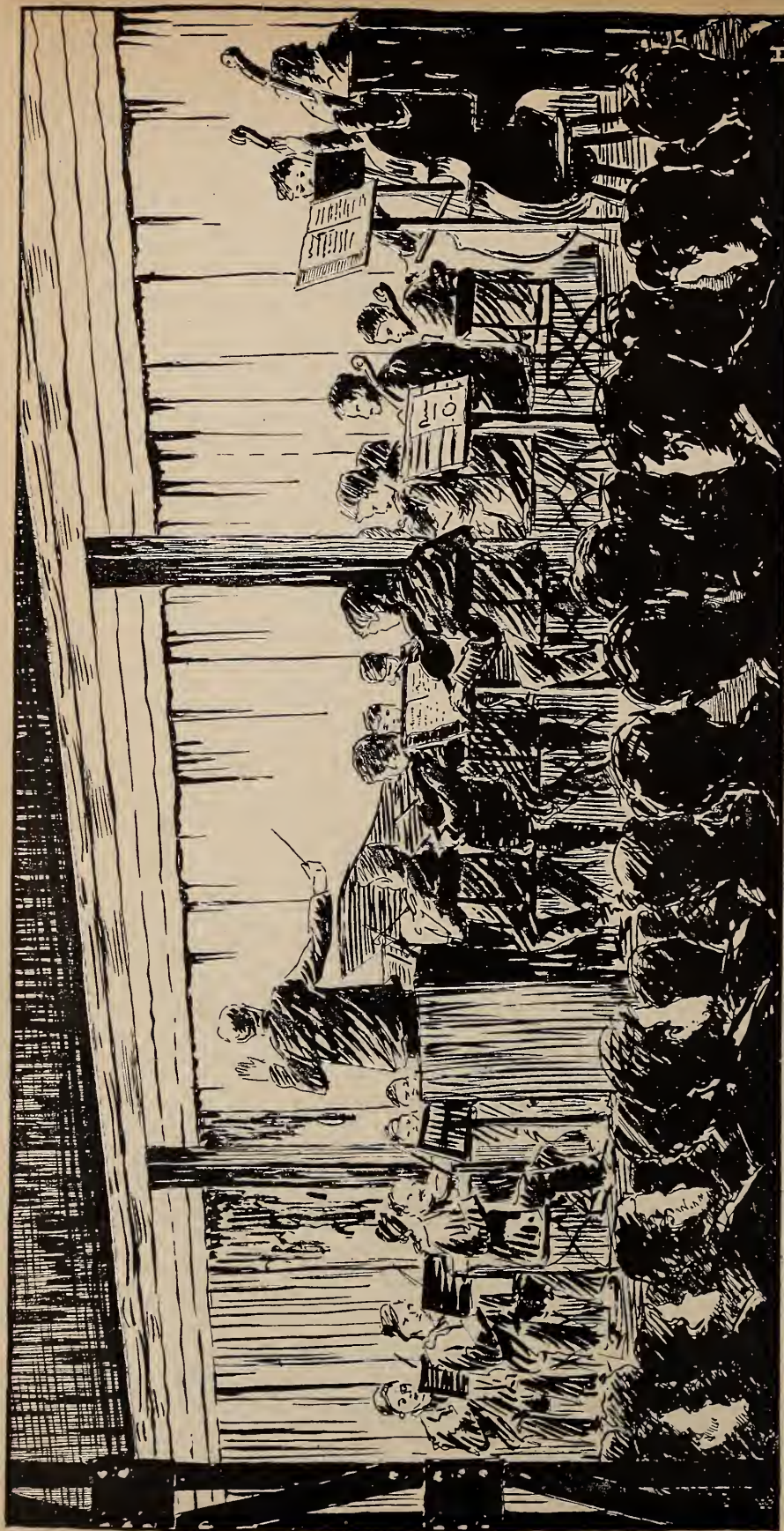
FULL OR-  
CHESTRA.





**SUGGESTIONS FOR POST-BELLUM OCCUPATIONS FOR CERTAIN RUHLEBENITES.**





RUHLBEN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

FULL ORCHESTRA.





## THE THEATRE

IT is not possible in the space at our disposal to discuss in detail the plays which have been produced during the last twelve months. Of these productions, some remain in the memory as successes of the first water; we are probably expressing the general view in naming "Twelfth Night", "Creditors", and "The Pirates of Penzance" in this category. In *Ruhleben* farce, drama and comedy follow one another in quick succession and are as quickly forgotten by most of us. If we may speak candidly this is only to be expected; for the merits of most of these productions do not justify more than a fleeting popularity. Where so many plays are given it is inevitable that a good many mediocre pieces should be found.

We are aware that it is invidious to mention names, but a word of praise is due to Messrs. T. W. Wilson, R. L. Brown, H. Goodhind and F. E. West on their general good work. Messrs. C. A. King, W. L. Collier, C. J. Pearce and many others have also appeared at different times with great and well deserved success. Incidentally nearly all our actors are rather apt to lower their voices too much and too frequently, with the result that the pit misses many of the best points and jokes.

As to the character of the plays produced, our own opinion is that there has been too great a predominance of farces. We do not, of course, expect the theatre to be run on Manchester Repertory lines, but a larger infusion of serious plays would, we know, be welcomed by many. Of these we have had too few, and the view held by those who think that nothing but farce or light comedy is wanted here is not shared by everybody. Concerts, for instance, are not amusing, nor are football matches; yet both are well patronised. Humorous books are far from being the only variety in demand at the Fiction Library.

The A. and S. U. produces plays of a more ambitious type. Unfortunately, with its limited resources, this body sometimes fails to realise its ideals; but at any rate it has ideals, and pursues them in the face of many obstacles, with which it has to contend.

The question of the stage itself and the scenery also calls for a few words. Do we not all remember the Moorish table, the high-backed black chairs and the staircase going up to the right, which have appeared so often? Will anyone ever forget them? It is obviously out of the question to put on new and elaborate settings every week, with the funds at the disposal of those concerned. But knowing as they do that the same furniture and scenery have to be used again and again, they should surely

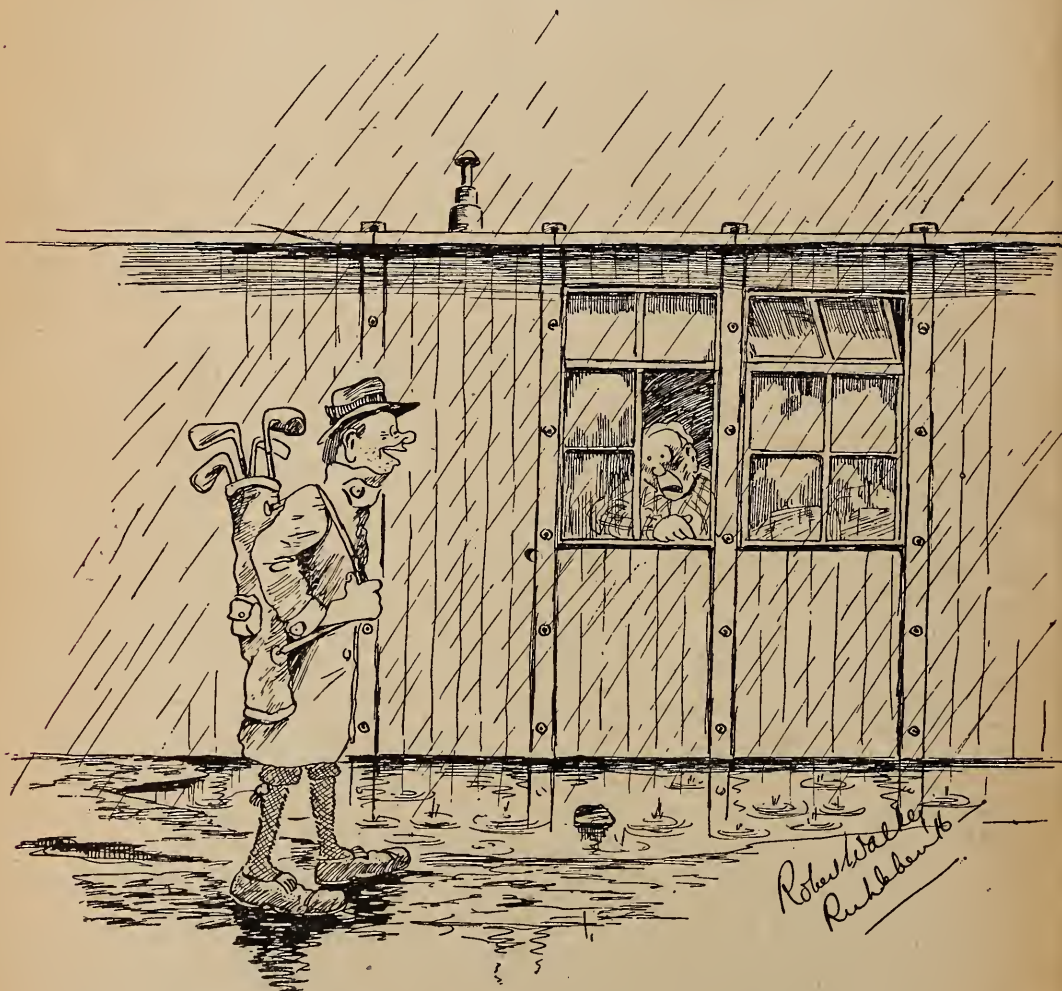
realise also that these indispensable features should be simple and unobtrusive, and should be designed rather with the object of escaping than of attracting the eye of the audience.

It must not be supposed that we are entirely without talent of a lighter order. The variety artists in the Camp have given shows which have amused many people, and we hope to see them again before long.

THALIA.

A correspondent writes:— "Why do some of our producers show such little discrimination in staging their plays and dressing their casts? We surely have not quite forgotten how people dress in England? Yet the gentlemen who select the dresses allow aristocratic characters to appear upon the stage clothed after the style of a suburban greengrocer on a Bank Holiday. It is the same with the female parts; costumes which would be suitable enough at a night club or in a musical comedy chorus are considered appropriate for a Mayfair drawing room..."

### "7 A. M."



"COME ALONG OLD CHAP! JUST THE MORNING  
FOR A GAME! WE SHALL HAVE THE WHOLE FIELD  
TO OURSELVES!"



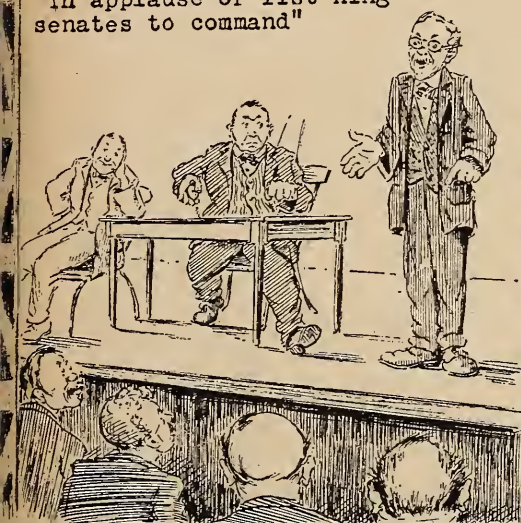
"The curfew tolls the knell of  
the day"



"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil"



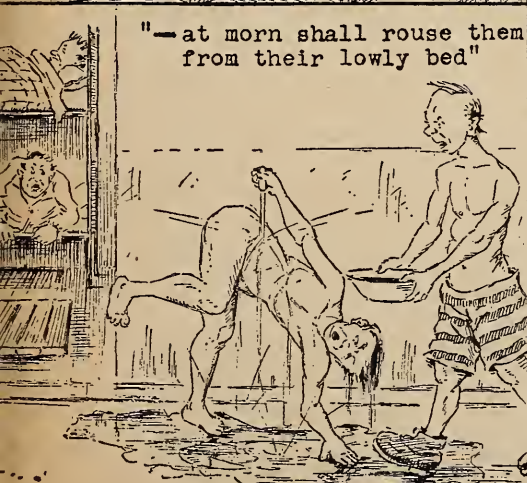
"The applause of listening  
senates to command"



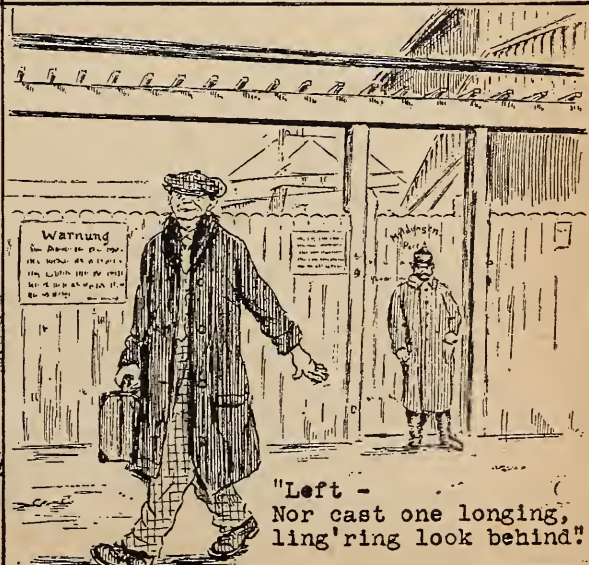
"Each in his narrow  
cell for ever laid,  
The rude Forefathers  
of the hamlet sleep."



"—at morn shall rouse them  
from their lowly bed"



Wood, 1896.

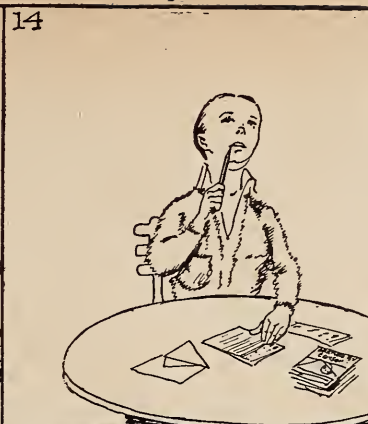


"Left -  
Nor cast one longing,  
ling'ring look behind."









*Good Night!*

## A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

GEORGE Scrooge clambered into his bunk in a particularly bad temper. Not that one can blame a man for having a fit of the blues in Ruhleben once in a while, but this was Christmas Eve, and nobody ought to be ill-humoured on Christmas Eve, no matter where he is! Of course Scrooge was convinced that there never had been such tiresome fools as his box mates, and his box mates were as equally convinced that Scrooge had taken too much rations for supper; but however that may be, Scrooge crawled under the blankets, swore at everybody in general, and pulled the curtain across the bed.

Now it is important to note that fact, because when Scrooge woke up an hour later, the curtain was drawn back. "Extremely annoying!" He was now in a worse temper than ever, so he stuck his head out in order to be rude, when he noticed — the moon was shining through the window — that the two Figures seated at the table were no box mates of his. This of course rather took him aback, and he wasn't rude in the way he meant to be. "W-who the deuce are you?" he spluttered. One of the Figures rose up — it was a merry fellow in a bottle brown coat, with a cigar and a packet of toffee in its hand, and it gazed at Scrooge with a watery leer. "Keep your pecker up" it carolled; "I am the ghost of your first Ruhleben Xmas!" Scrooge gaped, when the second figure approached the bed, breathing weak tea — and — rum on to his face. "And I am the ghost of your second Ruhleben Xmas", it wheezed. "I am a gay dog, I am — see!" — and it danced up and down the box shouting boisterously. "Oh cut it out!" said Scrooge, and pulling the curtain he turned over and went to sleep. But not for long. He woke up feeling very cold and miserable, and saw that the curtain was again drawn back.

This time the box was full of shapes — grey melancholy spectres that fixed him with weary eyes. "Go away!" he said, as firmly as he could. The spectres did not move.

A little shiver ran down Scrooge's spine, and he tried again more pleasantly. "Don't let me keep you if you wish to be off, you know".

Still the spectres did not move.

Scrooge felt distinctly uncomfortable, and the worst of it was, he began to doubt whether he hadn't, perhaps.... after all ... and the doubt became a certainty, and slipping his feet into a pair of clogs, he tried to whistle.

The spectres did not move as he passed out of the box, but the corridor too, was full of sad grey shapes.



"This is worse than I supposed", muttered Scrooge, and he hurried outside.

More spectres — they thronged the yard, they filled the square from the Casino to the Captains' office, they were gathered on the Grand Stands; they blocked the Promenade — from one end of the Camp to the other, there was no escaping them.

Then Scrooge's nerve forsook him.

"Who are all ye?" he shrieked. A wail arose from all the shadowy forms, a wail so plaintive and sinister that Scrooge's very heart stood still. "We are the Ghosts of the Ruhleben Xmas yet to come!"

In the morning four men carried Scrooge to the Lazaret.

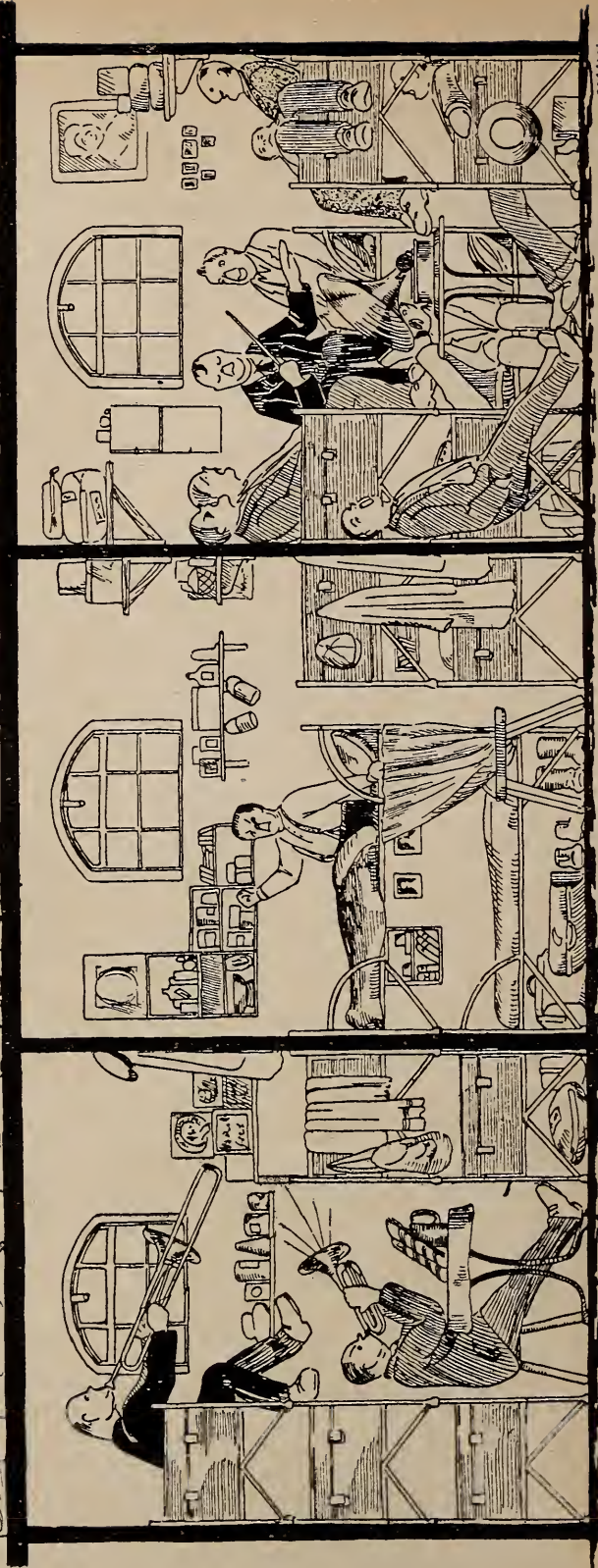
G. H. M.

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### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.



No. 1. Mr. H. EGREMONT.



CMAV

SMITHY'S FORTY WINKS





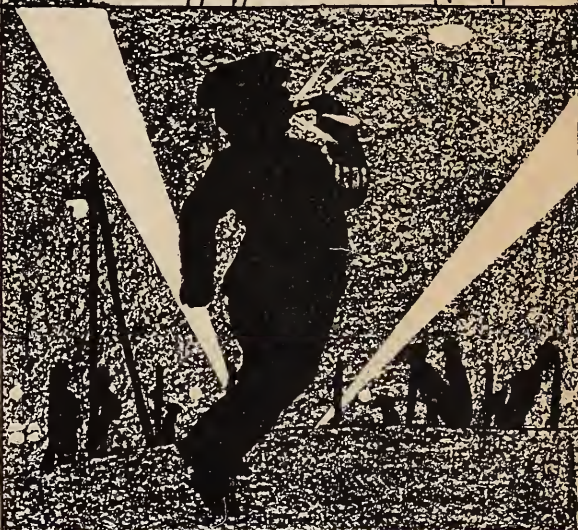
"Jack & Jill went up the Hill!"



"Three Blind Mice!  
See how they run!"



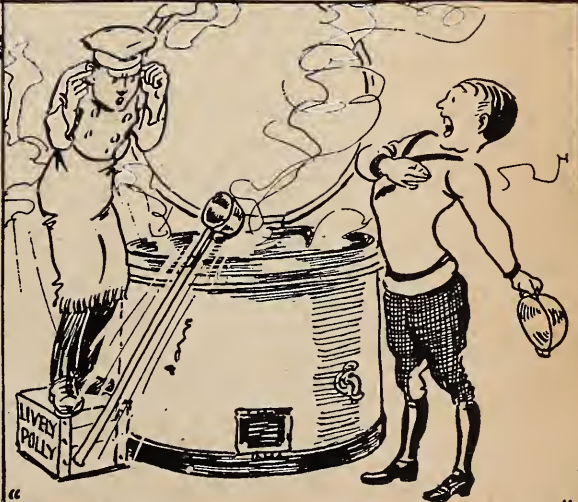
"Baa! Baa! Black sheep!"



"Little Boy Blue, come blow your Horn."

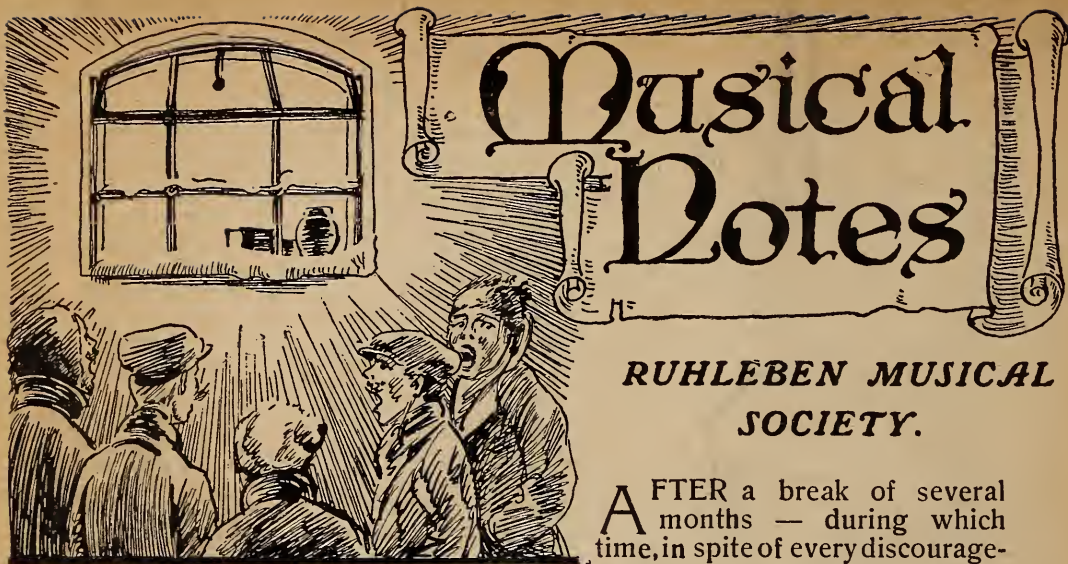


"Simple Simon  
met a  
Pie man!"



"Little Tommy Tucker sang for his Supper!"





# Musical Notes

## RUHLÉBEN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

AFTER a break of several months — during which time, in spite of every discouragement which the weather could offer, Mr. Peebles-Conn succeeded in carrying through a popular and much-appreciated series of open-air concerts — the Sunday evening concerts of the above Society were resumed on September 17th, on which occasion a miscellaneous programme of choral and operatic selections was provided by Mr. F. Ch. ADLER. Two unfamiliar works figured in the scheme, in the shape of Berlioz' Choral Song "Helena", and Schumann's "The Luck of Edenhall": but it cannot be said that either of these works proved in the least interesting or effective. For sheer feebleness Berlioz' piece would be hard to beat, while as for "The Luck of Edenhall" one can only describe it as Schumann at his worst — which is saying a good deal. Other more popular numbers in this programme proved more effective, and gave much satisfaction to the overflowing audience. After "The Luck of Edenhall" it was a pleasure and relief to be able to enjoy an example of Schumann at his best — to wit, the characteristic and extremely beautiful Pianoforte Concerto. The performance of this work by Mr. Lindsay and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. E. L. BANTON, was of real artistic worth. Mr. Lindsay was in great form, and the orchestra, rising nobly to the occasion, played the by no means easy accompaniment surprisingly well. Other excellent performances at this concert were those of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture and Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik". The vocalist on this occasion was Mr. F. W. Hughesdon, who sang Henschel's "Young Dietrich" and Charles Wood's "Ethiopia saluting the colours" to an orchestral accompaniment specially written for the occasion by Mr. Quentin Morvaren. Mr. Morvaren's orchestration displays imagination and a good sense of tone-colour — if at the same time inclined to thickness and unnecessary elaboration — and it is to be regretted that the orchestra did but scant justice to his work. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Dearle for the pleasant tone and good taste with which he rendered the Clarinet solo-passages in the Schumann Concerto. Mr. WEBER presented a programme of superior light-music, dignified by the addition of Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor. While a high standard of excellence distinguished the work of the orchestra throughout the evening, it was in Saint-



Saens' "Danse macabre" and the "Fledermaus" overture that the best results were achieved, the latter work in particular being given with splendid élan and enthusiasm. The solo part in the Concerto was played by Mr. Bainton, whose very fine technique is better suited to pianoforte writing of a more modern character, the vigour and robustness of his playing scarcely compensating for what was lost in the way of delicacy.

Massenet's Suite, "Scenes Alsatiennes", which formed the principal number in the programme of the concert conducted by Mr. LEYLAND COSSART, has its full share of those qualities of superficiality and oversweetness which are so characteristic of its composer but, with its bright dance-rhythms and picturesque orchestration it makes very agreeable hearing. An effective and spirited performance was secured, and the work found much favour with the audience. Mendelssohn's Overture "The fair Melusina" is but a dull affair at the best of times, and the ineffective arrangement of the piece used on this occasion served only to accentuate its inherent weakness. Messrs. Gordon Short and Henry Bröse gave a neat, if somewhat perfunctory performance of the solo parts in Mozart's Concerto for two pianofortes, and Mr. Jablonowski's magnificent voice was heard to great advantage in a song from Tschaiakowsky's "Eugene Oniegin". It is only possible to notice a few of the more interesting features of the other concerts. The concert in which Messrs. Keel, Lindsay and Ludlow joined forces proved the most popular musical entertainment which has been given in Ruhleben. The programme, consisting as it did for the most part of well-known pieces, calls for little comment — although mention should be made of some charming Breton folk-songs which Mr. Keel brought forward from his seemingly inexhaustible collection. The most interesting feature of the Chamber Concert arranged by Mr. Gordon Short was the performance of Rachmaninoff's Suite for two pianofortes. While there is nothing very distinctive about the first two movements, the composer, in the "Valse de Concert", has given us an original and brilliant piece of work, which was excellently played — as, indeed, was the whole Suite — by the concertgiver and Mr. Cossart. Mr. Jablonowski's singing of airs by Mozart and Verdi bore eloquent testimony to the steady progress of his artistic development, and the Concert was brought to a close by a finished and attractive performance of Schütt's Suite for Violin and Pianoforte, in which Mr. Short was joined by Mr. Leslie Harris. Finally, a very hearty word of thanks to Mr. Pauer for conceiving and bringing into being the "Oetra" orchestra. Under the distinguished leadership of Mr. Ludlow, this refined body of instrumentalists, besides arranging one of the Sunday evening concerts, has on several occasions provided welcome relief from the well-meant but depressing efforts of the theatre orchestra. At the aforementioned concert, the contributions of the "Oetra" were interspersed with pianoforte solos by Mr. Norman Hewitt, whose rendering of pieces by Brahms and Chopin displayed refined taste and technical fluency, if leaving something to be desired on the score of rhythm.

### **ARTS AND SCIENCE UNION.**

THE first three Monday evenings of the above Society's current season were devoted to music. Mr. Short, in his two papers on Chamber Music, managed to give a fairly comprehensive survey



of the development of this branch of the art from its infancy down to ~~the~~ present time. The examples were well chosen to illustrate this development, although it is unfortunate that circumstances forbade the inclusion of any modern English, French or Russian works. Acknowledgment should be made of the readiness and skill with which Mr. Cossart undertook, at a few hours' notice, the important pianoforte part in the first movement of Tschaikowsky's unsatisfactory Trio in A minor.

The Hugo Wolf evening will assuredly remain one of the bright memories of our *Ruhleben* existence. Mr. Bocquet's paper, brilliant, witty, and at times — as when dealing with the tragedy of Wolf's illness and death — quite moving, charmed even those who were unable to agree with some of his more sweeping conclusions: and the performance of a number of Wolf's most beautiful songs by Mr. Edward Bonhote and Mr. Charles Weber, accompanied by Mr. Bocquet with that insight and sympathy which denote the true artist, was an artistic pleasure of the highest order. The A. and S. U. is to be complimented on the arrangement of evenings of this character, which give a large number of keen music-lovers the opportunity of enjoying works of a type which, for many reasons, can only really be represented in the programmes of the Sunday evening concerts.

B. J. D.

### THE MOANING AT THE BAR.



THE ONE. — "What's yours; a Lager?"

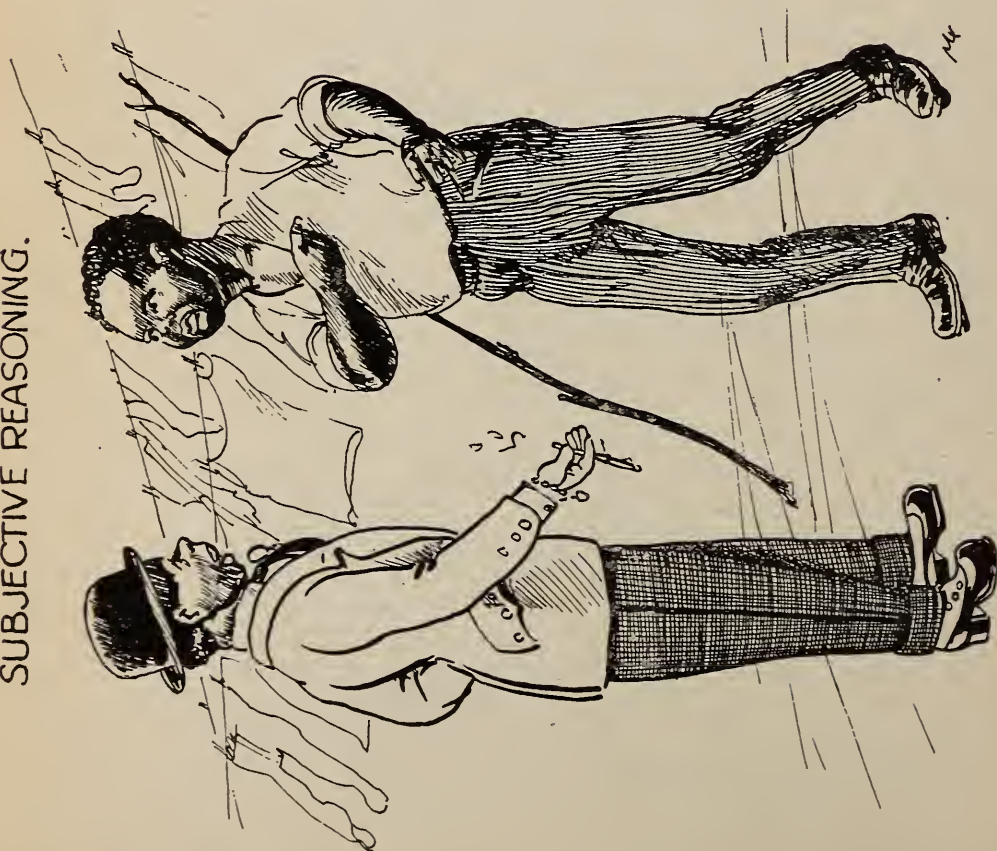
THE OTHER (*late of Ruhleben.*) Not much! No more Lagers for me.



THE OCTRA ORCHESTRA HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO BREAK A RECORD.



SUBJECTIVE REASONING.

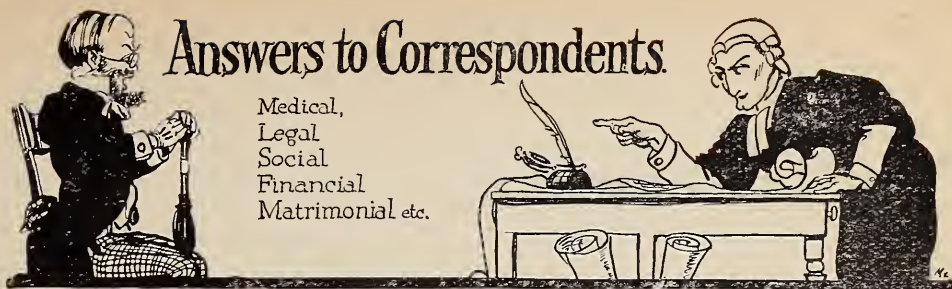


"YOU NO BRITISH ! YOU NO BRITISH ! ME BRITISH OBJECT !"

OUR BRITISH SPORTSMEN.



"FORE ..... SIGHT !"



## Answers to Correspondents.

Medical,  
Legal  
Social  
Financial  
Matrimonial etc.

*Elastic* wants to know if it is true that the gentleman who looks after the maps on the Promenade is guilty of stretching a point occasionally. — We can only recommend our correspondent to get a microscope and see.

*Fed up* wants to know if suspended animation is the same thing as animated suspension. — We are in the same difficulty ourselves.

*Pedestrian* asks if golf is a sport or a disease. — It is a religion.

*A. Whag* writes asking if we could make a joke about the "Ruhleben boxers being descended from the ancient Hittites." — No, we could not.

*Inquirer.* — We hear that the feast of unelevened bread will be held as usual this year in Barrack 6.

*A. Hearsay.* — We understand your feeling grateful to the prompter for his timely help, but it is not usual to express thanks audibly on these occasions.

*Scorned beef.* — There is nothing to be scornful about. The stringy parts are useful anyway.

*Cadet* (Bar. 22) seeks information as to smoking ham. — At your age you had better stick to Woodbines.

*Collector.* — Your specimen, "Toby jugged", does not interest us.

*Querist* would like to know the meaning of "original copy". — So should we.

*George Washington* writes:— "I have never been so happy in my life as I am now". — Are you *quite* sure your name is George Washington?

*Adonis* wants to know "if we would like him drawn". — We should like you not only drawn, but quartered.

## THE RIDDLE SOLVED.

(The proprietor of *Old Moore's Almanac* favours us with the following exclusive information.)

ABSOLUTE certainty have I none,  
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a housemaid (in Downing Street),  
That he had a brother, who had a friend,  
Who knew the date when the War will end!





## SOME SCHOOL!

I F you listen to my story, you'll appreciate the glory,  
 Of the wondrous institution where we pass our time away;  
 Where the sacred lamp of Learning is perpetually burning,  
 And we have no time for anything throughout the livelong day.

I was once an ignoramus, and for dullness I was famous,  
 But I now am skilled in everything conceivable to man;  
 I can teach you hydrostatics, and the causes of rheumatics,  
 And I know the right tobacco for the patent pipes of Pan.

Any questions I can settle re Mount Popocatepetl  
 For in matters geographical my learning is profound;  
 I'll discuss the art of Venice, and dramatic pose at tennis,  
 Or I'll tell you why a square meal **always** makes a m'an feel round.

I'll explain the ancient teaser of why Julius did seize her,  
 For my talents now are limitless, mysterious and strange;  
 And although its past believing, I maintain without deceiving,  
 At the water-ticket office I'll succeed in getting change.

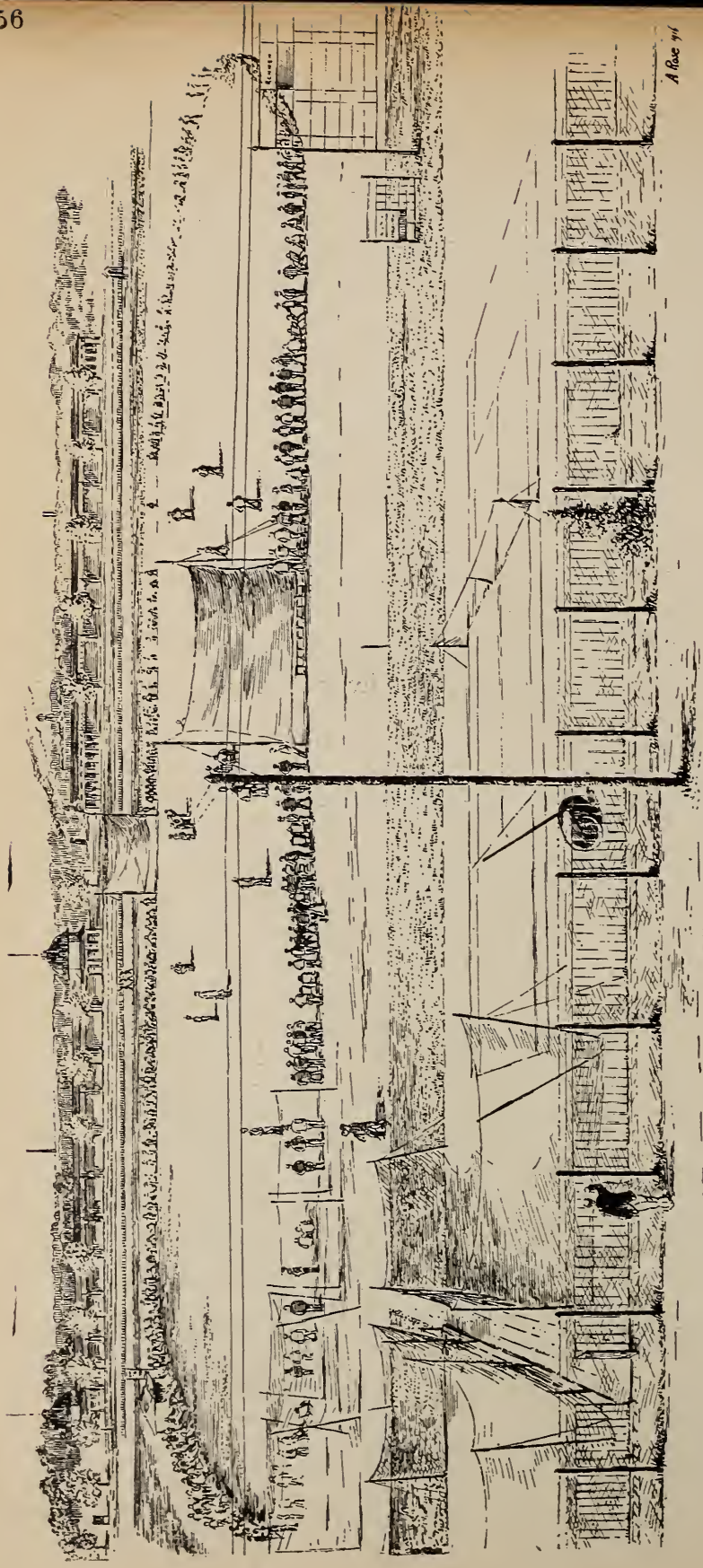
I can hold a conversation with the men of any nation,  
 From the frozen polar regions to the equatorial belt;  
 I'll crack jokes in old Egyptian, of a popular description,  
 And tell limericks in the language of the pre-historic Kelt.

My total sum of knowledge is beyond the scope of colleges,  
 But still there dwells within my mind one solitary doubt! —  
 For though no lack of will it is, my wondrous capabilities  
 Have failed to end my sojourn here and get me safely out!

S. E. J.

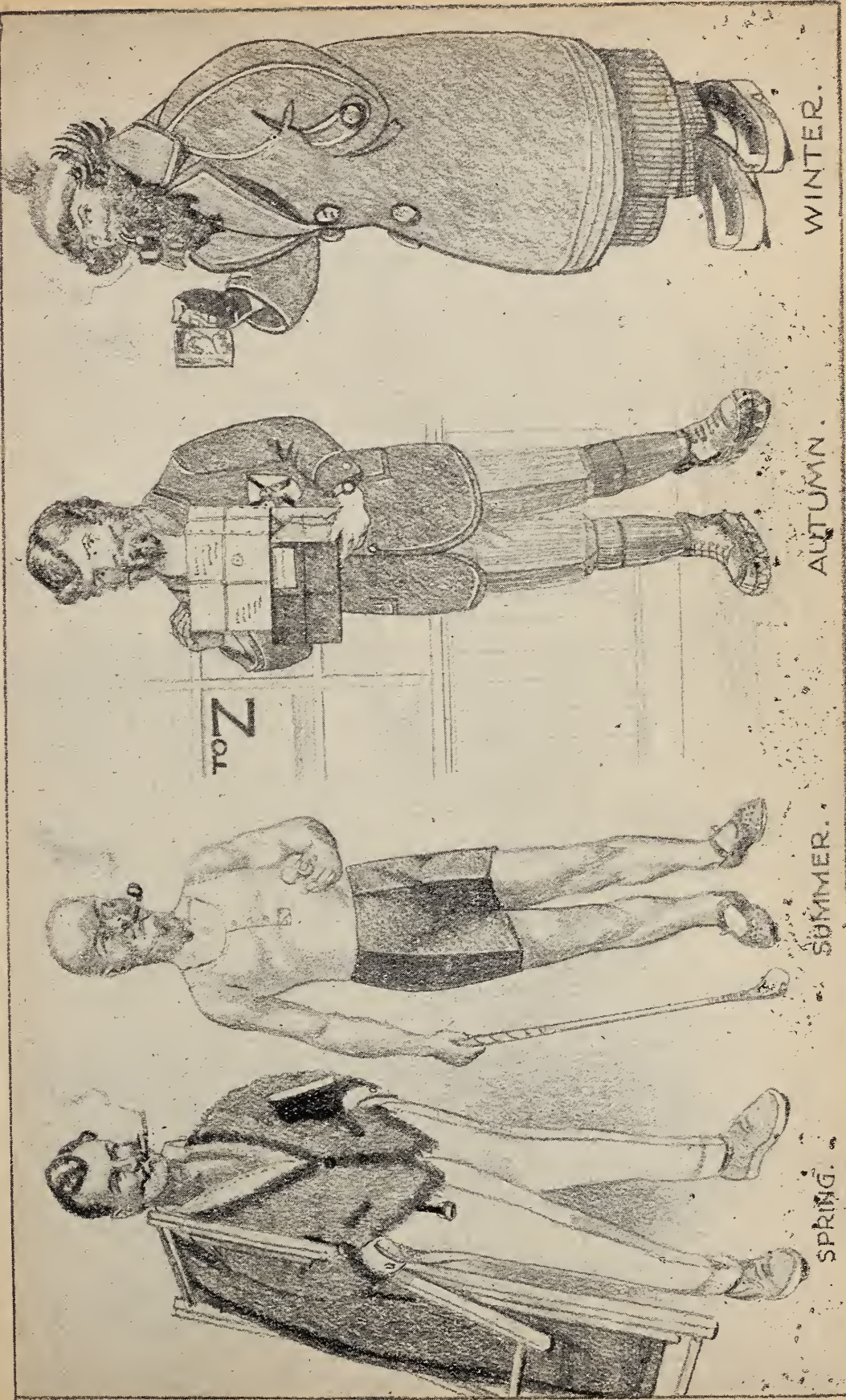
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THE OVAL , RUHLBEN 1916





OUR LATEST 1917 FASHIONS.





# Football

THE old time argument which has occupied the minds of football enthusiasts at home for years and years, as to which is the better for the game in general, the League system, or the Non-League system, has as a matter of course, cropped up in *Ruhleben*. Many people here maintain that the League games create a spirit which often oversteps the bounds of friendly rivalry, and makes men indulge in "win at any price" tactics. I do not intend to raise any discussion on this point, but only to suggest that in the great majority of instances the League idea is much preferable to the other. There must be an incentive in every game, as in everything else. In sport the incentive is not solely confined to the actual players; it pervades the spectators also. The circumstances which have led to the onlookers having to be taken into account so much we are not concerned with. Spectators are unquestionably as much a part of the game as the players, and must therefore be taken into consideration. This point granted, it becomes necessary to provide games in which spectators know, or believe the players are striving with every atom of their skill and energy to gain "something". And according to the League system that "something" is represented by the awarding of points, and whatever joy there is in leading your opponents in the League. The Non-League games are pleasant, sometimes amusing; but in the main they fail to develop the science of the play and are of little or no interest to spectators. That the League brings out an unsporting instinct in men can be dismissed with a word. Men who "play the game" will do so, whatever the contest and whatever the prize. And vice versa.

Those who imagined there would be a decrease in the interest of the game in *Camp* this season have already been proved quite wrong. Of course the glorious weather has brought many to the matches; but even allowing for this there appears to be as lively an interest as in the two previous seasons. Thanks to the efforts of Sam Coles, George Page, and Ted Hearn, and other good helpers the ground would have done credit to many a club at home, outside the two or three important Leagues, when the third season opened on October 7th. As before, a representative match was provided, the teams being: Cameron's XI.— Still, Lithgow, Miller, Treseder, Dugdale, Quinn, Pentland, Cameron, Owen, Harris, Slade. Brearley's XI.— Nichol, Hall, Stewart, Lamb, Brearley, Hartley, Wright, Garden, Burnhill, Perry, Wilson. Result, Cameron's XI 4, Brearley's XI 2. On October 13th a representative game composed of players from the second division took place. The teams chosen were as follows:— Licence, Curry, Lustgarten, McLarnan, Leek, Gale, Coles, Warren, Scott, Poingfurst and Kitson;

McDonald, Brindley, Begg, Allen, May, Thompson, Ferguson, Bell, Simcock, Maurice and Moon. The latter team won after a splendid contest by 3—1.

The League matches commenced on October 14th. As was expected, Barrack 9, the champions of the previous season, are easily the best team in the Camp, and it will be a huge surprise if any other Barrack lowers their colours during the present campaign. They are strong in every position and with Sam Wolstenholme's brilliant play and masterly tuition, they are, and deserve to be, the outstanding team. All the other Barracks are much on a level, Barrack 2 "the surprise team" (they only beat the good 'uns) keep plodding along. When they get a point, or perhaps win, everyone is delighted, and if they don't, well, everybody is happy just the same. They are Spring horses, on last season's form, so we must all look out in the second half of the League. Barrack 3 have a fine side. In my opinion they are the fastest team in the Camp. All their arguments are now things of the past and they all play like one man. Kitchen is one of the most improved forwards we have, and is a thorn in the side of every team Barrack 3 play against. Given ordinary luck I fully expect 3 to be very near 9 for the championship. Barrack 4 are a funny team. One day they play grandly, and then again poorly. Kelly has made great strides as a full back, and bids fair to improve still more as he plays better every game. Charnley too has shown us some of the brilliant play he gave us in the first season. Hall is a marvel of consistency and with John Brearley, with his tireless energy and great ability make 4 a team always to be feared. Barrack 5 is "the puzzle team". With the good side they already had, and the acquisition of Garden and Hartmann great things were expected of them. Nearly every one of their men is good enough for any representative match in Ruhleben, and yet as a team they seldom come up to expectation. If ever they do find the secret of combination it will be a bad play for their opponents. Barrack 20 through their having joined up with 17 and thereby securing several good players, were credited with having a team almost equal to that of Barrack 9. They certainly have a fine team, but have hardly fulfilled the great hopes we had of them. Smallshaw is now playing in his best form and that means he is performing grandly. The brothers Wright are fine players and are wonderfully consistent. Barrack 7 had some difficulty in raising two teams in the beginning, but they put their shoulders to the wheel and helped Hartley to such an extent that they now have a fine eleven. Heath has come back to the best form of his Barrack 1 days, and every man plays in such a keen whole-hearted manner that they deserve all the success that comes their way. Barrack 8 are not quite as formidable as last season. This is somewhat hard to explain, as they have practically the same men. The players are good and keen enough, but the old story of lack of combination is probably the secret of the whole affair. Barrack 10, at the time of writing, have won 4 matches and lost 1. This looks good form, but to use a "Ruhlebenism" their "jam has been in" in one or two of their wins. Nevertheless 10 is a team everyone likes to see do well. Hill is developing into a splendid goalkeeper; Lamb, like good wine, improves with age. John Cameron has been missed, as several of the players have told me. This is with every atom of due regard to whoever plays in Cameron's position. My reference is not so much from the playing standpoint, but



from the point of his wonderful coaching abilities. If he is at home when these notes appear in print we know he will drink a toast to our speedy release, and to our keeping our peckers up until that good time comes. Barrack 11 are unfortunate in lacking the services of Bodin and Bloomer, through injuries. With them in our team we should probably give the best of the others a good fight. Coulthard is proving a rare find in goal. Slater has no doubt found his proper position at right full back and has no superior in the Camp. A. Mills is a huge help in being able to fill practically any position, and always well. Barrack 22 (the Boys' team of last season) have fully justified their coming into the first League and will no doubt finish in a respectable place. Their full backs play wonderfully well for their age and if they show the same steady improvement, Johnson and Woodliffe will probably be heard of later on in English football.

FRED B. PENTLAND.

WE have to record a visit from Bishop Bury, whose diocese in peace time includes Northern and Central Europe. His Lordship's stay among us was too brief to allow of his obtaining anything more than a glimpse of the Lager, but during the short time at his disposal the Bishop saw a number of the interned and delivered addresses, which attracted very large audiences to the Y. M. C. A.



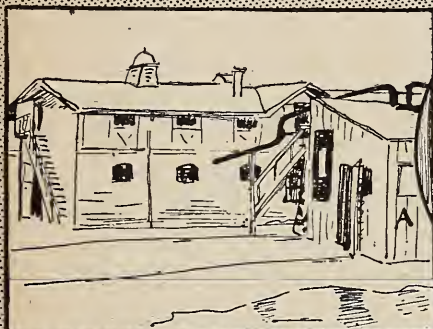


TELEGRAMS: "VERBOTEN" SPANDAU.

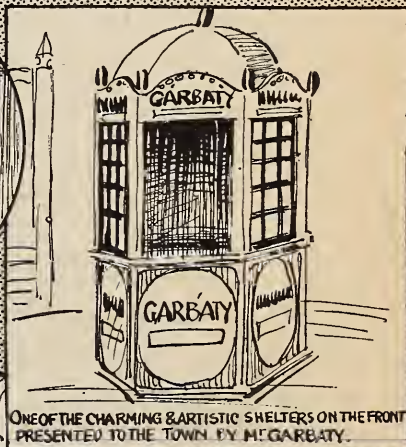
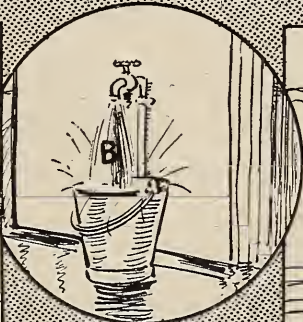
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# RUHLEBEN ON THE SPREE.

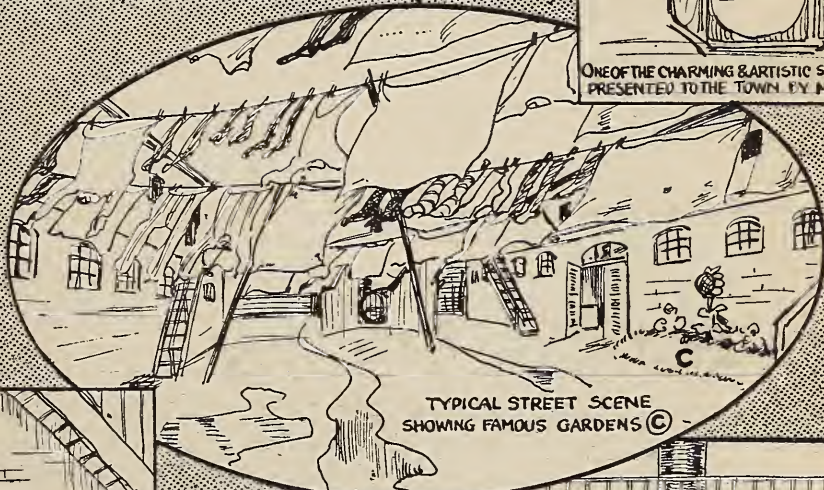
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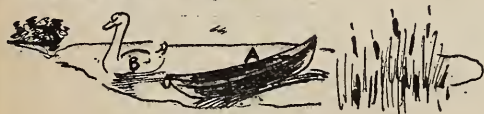
ONE OF THE CHARMING & ARTISTIC SHELTERS ON THE FRONT PRESENTED TO THE TOWN BY M<sup>r</sup> GARBATY.



TYPICAL STREET SCENE  
SHOWING FAMOUS GARDENS ©



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL  
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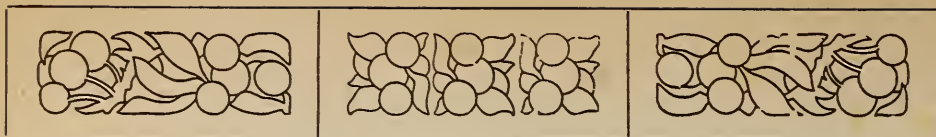
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The Editor takes this opportunity to thank all those contributors whose work has appeared in the pages of "The Ruhleben Camp Magazine".

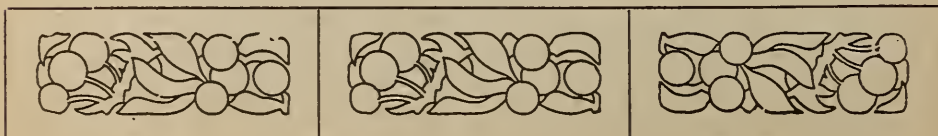
ARTISTS. — Messieurs *J. O. Beeston, A. Brown, A. E. Cusden, H. Egremont, F. Gluck, Healey Hislop, C. M. Horsfall, F. Jepson, E. J. Johnson, F. Kremnitz, H. M. Mist, W. O'S. Moloney, H. B. Molyneaux, A. Rose, G. Tooby, F. Wade, Robert Walker, C. M. A. Whitehouse, C. F. Winzer.*

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The voluntary work which has been performed by the different Barrack salesmen has been of the greatest value and the Editor desires to express his gratitude to these gentlemen for their invaluable assistance.

A number of gentlemen have undertaken the task of addressing the envelopes necessary for the dispatch of this number to different parts of the world. The thanks of the whole Camp are due to these helpers.

C. G. PEMBERTON.



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*References to some of the Oldest  
Ruhleben Families!*

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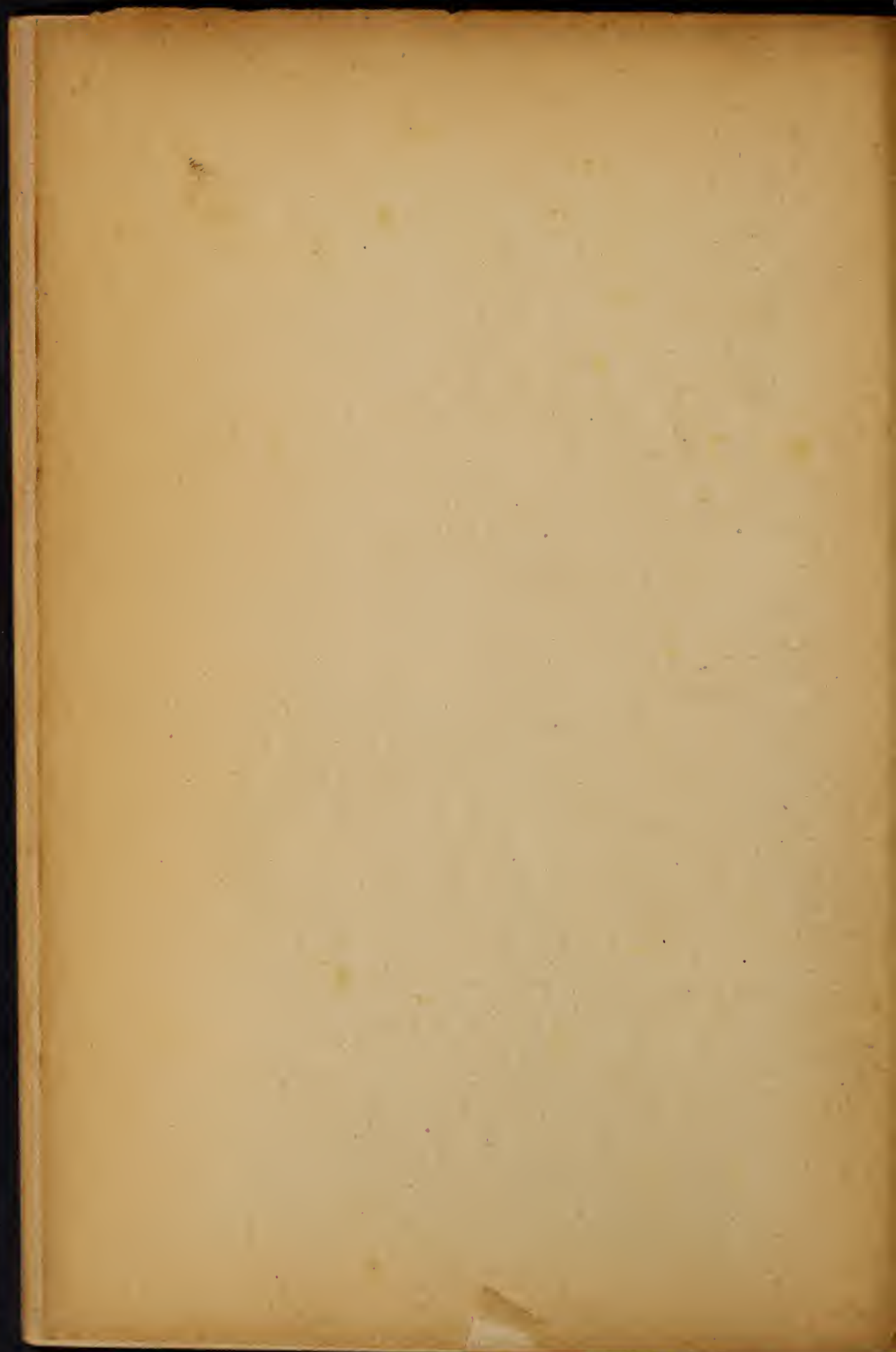
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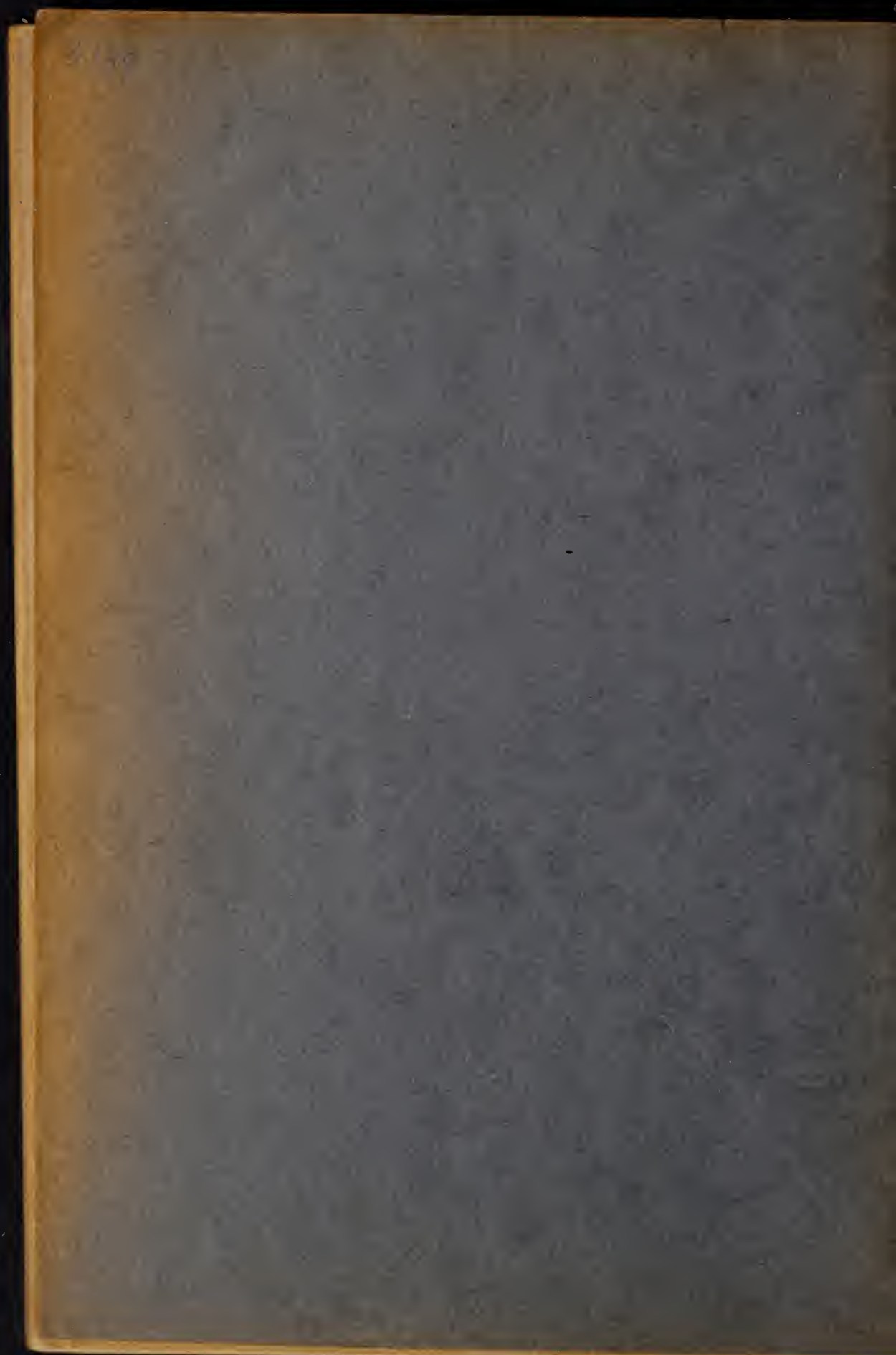






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